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Material for use in intercultural education in grades IX and X

Service Paper

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BOSTON UNIVERSITY

SCHOOL OF EDUCATION

Service Paper

MATERIALS FOR USE IN INTERCULTURAL EDUCATION IN GRADES IX AND X

Submitted by

Norma Allen Brusko

(B.S. in Ed., Boston University, 1943)

In partial fulfillment of requirements for

the degree of Master of Education

1946

First Reader: John J. Mahoney, Professor of Education

Second Reader: Franklin C. Roberts, Professor of Education

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The Nature of the Problem

The Aim.-- The aim of this study is to provide materials for use in an intercultural education class at the ninth grade level which conceivably may eradicate belief in the myth of any master race and further the American ideal of "fair play".

The Procedure Followed.-- The unit was planned according to the unit and unit assignment organization advocated by Professor Roy O. Billett at Boston University. The unit "represents the teacher's goal stated in terms of a desirable change to be made in the pupil in concept or skill, and hence in resultant ideal, attitude or appreciation."1/ The unit assignment of problem-solving activity follows the general plan of teacher-pupil activity. It is made up of an introductory phase, a sequence of core activities, and a number of optional related activities. It is concluded with an objective mastery test which tests the items of the delimitation.

The selection of contemporary life stories of great men and women was planned to condition attitudes consistent with citizens of a social democracy; that is- "a scheme of living together that finds no room for an aristocracy of birth, or wealth, or even intellect, one or all. It chooses for its aristocrats those of high or low station who combine in the highest degree personal quality and a sense of social obligation. It challenges men to judge and give preferment to their fellow men on this basis solely with utter disregard for all other criteria--race, creed, wealth, or social position."2/

1/ Roy O. Billett, Fundamentals of Secondary School Teaching, Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1940, p. 505.

2/ John J. Mahoney, For Us The Living, Harper & Brothers, New York, 1945, p. 173.

Why This Subject was Chosen for Study.-- National unity is one of the most challenging of the social problems that face our country today. Boys and girls in my community and others need an understanding of the problems in race relations, creedal viewpoints and culture conflicts that will confront them in the near future as voters in a democracy.

Attitudes are the result of what we know and the writer hopes that this paper will provide opportunities for students to find and achieve goals of understanding which will result in an appreciation of the contributions of other people to our culture and in behavior capacities that will further the democratic ideal of fraternity.

The Group for Whom These Materials Have Been Planned

The School.-- Brookline High School, Brookline, Massachusetts is a four and five year secondary school organized on the House Plan. The high school enrollment is 1900 and the town of Brookline has a population of 53,000. The school is beautifully constructed and centrally located. Approximately fifty percent of the student body is comprised of children of the Hebrew religion of American born parents. These children are alert and on the whole excellent students.

The Pupils.-- Through the department of tests and measurements the teacher can be provided with the eighth grade results of the Kuhlman-Anderson Intelligence Tests, the Chicago Tests of Primary Mental Abilities, the Metropolitan Achievement Tests and the Physical Fitness Index of the pupils. The housemaster can provide other revealing facts such as previous marks, home environment, specific abilities and extra curricular interests.

The unit is planned for a homogeneous group of twenty first year high school boys and girls whose average age will be thirteen years and six months and the average intelligent quotient on the Kuhlman-Anderson test will be 110. This hypothetical group will be of heterogeneous cultures.

The Classroom-Laboratory.-- The classroom-laboratory to be used in the teaching of this unit is modern in construction, well lighted, heated and ventilated, and of appropriate size for twenty pupils. The most effective use of the unit assignment can be made due to the flexibility of the furniture, the congoleum floor covering, the richness and pertinence of the equipment which will include a library, files, bulletin boards, realia, a sound-on-film projector, a victrola and other auditory and visual aids.

UNIT ORGANIZATION OF THE TOPIC,
BETTER UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN JEWS AND GENTILES

The Unit

Fraternity is a fundamental implication of democracy. The problems existing between Jews and Gentiles are problems for all citizens. It is essential that young people be given an opportunity for free and unbiased inquiry into the subject, and that each pupil shall select for himself a democratic solution.

Delimitation of the Unit

1. The first group of Jews settling in North America was a band of 23 colonists, who landed in New Amsterdam in 1654.
2. A number of Jews were purveyors to the colonial troops, and Haym Solomon, a Jew of Polish origin, rendered distinguished service in raising money for the Revolutionary Cause.
3. Jewish immigration to the United States was a flight from persecution and acute poverty.
4. Christians rescued many Jews from death during the persecutions under Hitler.
    - A. The Vatican housed five thousand Jews.
    - B. Cloisters and churches in France concealed fifty thousand Jewish children who had been smuggled out of Paris.
    - C. Polish families took Jewish children into their homes.
    - D. The United States, Switzerland and Sweden accepted thousands of refugees.

5. Human blood is the same, except for a medical type difference.

6. Superiority is not peculiar to any one people.

   A. Differences in scholastic achievement and test scores are often differences in family income and achievement.

7. "New" Americans have contributed to our progress.

   A. Nobel Prize winner, Albert Einstein, a theoretic physicist, has caused a revolution in scientific ideas.

   B. Judah Touro established the first free American dispensaries.

8. There are approximately five million Jews in the United States. They constitute somewhat more than three and one-half percent of the population of the country. Two million Jews live in New York City.

9. Anthropologists are agreed that Jews are not a separate race, but are ancestrally of the Mediterranean family stocks that spread out in prehistory times over much of Eastern Asia, North Africa, and Europe.

10. In June, 1941, the late President Roosevelt took direct action in his Executive Order Number 8802 toward eliminating discrimination in employment in plants with war contracts.

11. A survey in Massachusetts proved that Jewish men and women were in the Armed Services in World War II in proportion to their numbers in the population. One of the war's first heroes was a Jew (Levin of Colin Kelley's crew).

12. Jews and Gentiles are more alike than different. The differences are due to differences in environment and cultural background. The so-called "Jewish problem" is dissolved wherever liberating, democratic influences are extended.

13. There are 93,000 bankers in the United States. Only 600 or 0.6 of one percent are Jewish.
14. Jews differ little from other groups in their wide political diversity and Jews may be found in each of the important political movements, not only in their rank and file but also in their leadership.
15. 1200 Jews fought in the armies of the Confederacy and more than 6300 served with the Union forces.

Incidental and Indirect Learning Products

1. An appreciation of all men who have lived, worked and died for others.
2. A respect of the complexity of cultures of different peoples.
3. Proper terminology for parts of the Jewish religion.
4. The recognition of the essential humaneness of each group.

List of Readings for Teacher's Use Only

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2. Allport, Gordon W., "Is Intergroup Education Possible?" Harvard Educational Review, XV, March, 1945, 83-86.
3. Asch, Sholem, One Destiny, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1945.
4. Berger, Elmer, The Jewish Dilemma, The Devin-Adair Company, New York, 1945.
5. Brown, Spencer, They See For Themselves, Harper and Brothers, New York, 1945.
6. Cunningham, G. M., The Development of Inter-group Tolerance Through Junior High School Procedures. Unpublished Ed. M. Thesis, Boston University School of Education, 1927.

7. DuBois, Rachel Davis, Build Together Americans, Hinds, Hayden and Eldredge, Inc., New York, 1945.

8. Fineberg, Solomon A., Overcoming Anti-Semitism, Harper and Brothers, New York, 1943.

9. Friedman, Lee Max, Jewish Pioneers and Patriots (in America), The MacMillan Company, New York, 1942.

10. Gittelsohn, Roland Bertram, Modern Jewish Problems, Union of American-Hebrew Congregations, Cincinnati, Ohio, 1944.

11. Locke, Alain L., and Bernard J. Stern, When Peoples Meet, Progressive Education Association, New York, 1942.

12. Mahoney, John J., For Us The Living, Harper and Brothers, New York, 1945.

13. Vickery, William and Stewart B. Cole, Inter-cultural Education in American Schools: Proposed Objectives and Methods, Harper and Brothers, New York, 1943.

14. Wiernick, Peter, History of the Jews in America, Jewish History Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penna., 1931.

15. Yoder, Dale, "Present Status of the Question of Racial Differences". Journal of Educational Psychology, Vol. XIX. (October, 1928) p. 463-470.

The Unit Assignment.--(Time allotment, three weeks, five periods per week.)

A. Introduction: Two motion pictures will be used, namely: The March of Time The Refugee--Today and Tomorrow, and The World We Want To Live In. The former will act as a basis for the "on your mark" attitude and the latter will be the "get set" and provide the necessary springboard for the "go" of the core activities and optional activities.

7. [illegible], [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible], [illegible] and [illegible], [illegible], [illegible] pp., [illegible] [illegible], [illegible].

8. [illegible], [illegible] .. [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible], [illegible].

9. [illegible], [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible], [illegible].

10. [illegible], [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible], [illegible]

B. For individual study and investigation:1/

Core Activities

1. Make a list of the main reasons why many Jews have come to make the United States their country. (# 1 : 7-8)
2. Find out the period in which we have admitted more than a million Jewish immigrants. Where did most of them come from and why did they come here? (6: 406-409)
3. Find out four Jewish Americans who came here as immigrants. For what was each famous? What have these Jews contributed toward the development of the United States? (2: 30-38, 157-165, 397-407, 245-255)
4. Get a good definition of prejudice. How do we get our prejudices? Write out an analysis of one of your own prejudices. (14: 1-5)
5. What is the name of the poem that is cast in bronze on the base of the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor? Who wrote it? (1: 17-18)
6. Find out how scientists classify races. From your readings and from the discussions, assemble a list of common misconceptions concerning race. (3: 11-44)
7. What coin has "E Pluribus Unum" engraved on it? How is the phrase synonymous with the development of American life and culture? (15: 505-538)
8. Are all Jews communists? (6: 421-423)
9. Groups like these--Jews, Negroes, Catholics, organized labor--are what we call minority groups. What is a minority? Are you a member of some minority group? (5: 1-12)

1/ The items in B will be reproduced in a mimeographed study and activity guide of which each pupil will receive a copy.

10. How do you repudiate our Constitution if you are an anti-Semite? (See The Constitution of the United States of America.) (8: 3-31)

11. Why do Jewish students seem to get higher marks? Is it superior intelligence or do they make better use of their opportunities? (7: 207-231)

12. Why is the rate of deliquency and criminality among Jews relatively low? (5: 281-285)

13. What is the meaning of these terms: Zionism, Bar Mitzvah, Synagogue, Tabernacle, Tallith, Psalms, Sabbath, Passover, Yom Kippur, Hanukah? (9: 219-233; 16: 32-42, 110-123, 95-107)

14. With what wars do you identify Haym Solomon, Judah Touro, Meyer Levin? (11: 1-32)

15. How does the Soviet Union handle discrimination? Compare the policy with our own Executive Order #8802. How could fair employment laws work against the people it is trying to help?

16. Are Jews different from any other Americans? What could they do to become better assimulated? What could others do to help them? (12:)

17. Is the Jew a potential economic threat as a competitor of the Gentile? Do Jews control most of the banks in the United States? (10:)

18. What scientist developed the diptheria test?

19. What is the purpose of the Mezuzah? Do you think symbols have any value? (16: 110-123)

20. In ancient times, how was the Jewish belief in God different from the religious beliefs of other nations?

21. Who was the father of the "regardless of religion" clause in the American Constitution?

Optional Activities

1. Invite a classmate of different religious belief than yours to attend church or temple with you.
2. Prepare and maintain a clipping file of news stories and magazine articles about culture problems that seem important to you.
3. Read The Patriotism of the American Jew and give an oral report on the book. (13)
4. Take part in a classroom-laboratory forum on the following controversial issue: Jews should be allowed to reclaim Palestine as a homeland. Present your facts in a carefully organized pattern.
5. Prepare a written report on the culture contribution of some immigrant in our community.
6. Group: Adopt a European war orphan for the school year. This would involve sending either two packages of food or two packages of clothing overseas once a month, writing letters and exchanging photographs. For further information consult your teacher.
7. Plan a music record program which will give an understanding of the beliefs, loyalties, needs and problems of the Jewish people.
8. Make a map showing where schools were established for Negro children by Julius Rosenwald.
9. Develop a local "Who's Who" showing the parts played by members of the minority groups in municipal affairs.
10. Serve on a committee to show the class what Jews have done for the United States in any one of the following fields: (a) art; (b) literature; (c) music; (d) science; (e) industry; (f) recreation. To do this

Additional Exercises

1. [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

you may want to write and give a dramatic sketch, or prepare a "Hall of Fame" bulletin board of pictures of leaders.

11. Make a chart showing Jewish participation in the business life of the nation. (10.)

12. Draw a cartoon to illustrate the phrase "hook, line, and sinker". (Label it with a current intolerant belief which some misinformed persons are swallowing.)

13. Read again our Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights. Select the sections of these documents that express the democratic principle of equal rights for all men. Also select any specific references relating to discrimination against persons of certain racial or religious groups. Copy the selections on a poster and hang up in the laboratory.

14. Make a Jewish calendar for the year. Get a copy of one for this year and find out when the holidays occur. The Jewish New Year comes on the first day of the seventh month, Tishri. The first month of the calendar year is Nisau, which occurs in the spring. As decoration for your calendar, you might make pictures of ancient peoples and how they planned their first calendars.

15. Prepare a report on some of the dietary laws kept by Jews, Catholics, and Mohammedans.

16. Prepare a list of names of people who have advocated or are advocating social democracy.

17. Cut out statements of fact and statements of opinion pertinent to our unit from current magazine articles.

18. Write an essay on why you think intergroup education is or is not possible.

19. Plan a combination Christmas and Hanukah play for the assembly program. Jewish students should participate in the Christmas scenes and non-Jewish students should act in the Hanukah scenes.

List of Readings and References for Pupils' Use

1. Anti-Defamation League of B' Nai B' Rith, Americans All, 100 North La Salle Street, Chicago.

2. Beard, Annie E. S., Our Foreign Born Citizens, Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York, 1939.

3. Benedict, Ruth, Race, Science, and Politics, Modern Age Books, New York, 1940.

4. Benedict, Ruth and Gene Weltfish, The Races of Mankind, Public Affairs Pamphlet Number 85, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York.

5. Brown, Francis J., and Joseph S. Roucek, One America, Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York, 1945.

6. Brown, Francis J., and Joseph S. Roucek, Our Racial and National Minorities, Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York, 1937.

7. Cottler, Joseph, Champions of Democracy, Little, Brown, and Company, Boston, 1942.

8. Doyle, Thomas F., The Sin of Anti-Semitism, The Paulist Press, New York, 1940.

9. Fast, Howard, The Romance of a People, Hebrew Publishing Company, New York, 1941.

10. Fortune, Editors of, Jews in America, Random House, Inc., New York, 1936.

11. Freedman, J. George and Falk, Louis A., Jews in American Wars, Jewish War Veterans of the United States, 276 Fifth Ave., New York, 1942.

12. Graeber, Isacque and Britt, Steuart Henderson, Jews in a Gentile World, The MacMillan Company, New York, 1942.

13. McCall, Samuel W., The Patriotism of the American Jew, Plymouth Press, New York, 1924.

14. Powdermaker, Hortense, Probing Our Prejudices, Harper and Brothers, New York, 1944.

15. Wittke, Carl, We Who Built America, Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York, 1940.

16. Zeligs, Dorothy F., The Story of Jewish Holidays and Customs, Bloch Publishing Company, New York, 1942.

Evaluation.-- Since this unit deals with the problem of attitudes the most direct test of its success of the pupils' growth will be in their democratic behavior that can be observed by the teacher in the classroom, in athletics, in the student government and in the clubs. However, objective pencil and paper tests, including a test of true-false items and an essay-type test in an objectified form will be given at the end of the laboratory phase to provide the teacher with evidence of grasp of meaning as checked against the teacher's statement and delimitation of the unit and the list of indirect and incidental learning products.

Test 1.

Part A. True-False Questions

Directions: Read each statement carefully. If you think the statement is true pencil a circle around the number of the statement. If you think it is false make an X through the number of the statement. Mark each statement, and put a question mark in front of the number if you are very much in doubt about the correct answer. Remember, if any part of the statement is false, the statement as a whole is false.[1]

1. We have achieved social democracy in the United States.
2. We have achieved political democracy in the United States.
3. The races of mankind are Nordics, Jews, Blacks, Browns, Yellows, and Anglo-Saxons.
4. In New York City the Jewish population outnumbers the Gentile population.
5. Since most prejudices are inborn there isn't much you can do about them.

1/ Roy O. Billett, Fundamentals of Secondary School Teaching, Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1940, p. 622.

6. Jews came to America for the same reasons as the Puritan, the Quaker, the Huguenot, and the Catholic.
7. The first known Jews to settle in North America arrived at New Amsterdam in 1654.
8. Haym Solomon is remembered most for his gift of $10,000 which made the erection of the Bunker Hill Monument possible.
9. The philanthropy of Julius Rosenwald has contributed greatly to the improvement of the social and educational status of the Negro in the United States.
10. The proportion of juvenile delinquency among Jewish and Gentile youth runs just the same.
11. Jews control the banks, Wall Street, the newspapers, the clothing industry, the movies, the theatre and radio.
12. The Pope, many clergy and Gentiles harbored Jewish refugees during World War II.
13. All Jews are Communists.
14. People are justified in calling Jews draft-dodgers as they have never served in proportion to their numbers in any wars of the United States.
15. The Catholics want the Pope to rule in America.
16. Jews should not be allowed to compete on an equal footing with other students because they are smarter.
17. Before 1880 our Jewish immigrants came mostly from Germany and Spain.
18. Jews conform slowly to ways of American life.
19. Executive Order Number 8802 eliminated discrimination in employment during the war.

20. Some groups of people are more honest than other groups of people.

21. Judah Touro established the first free Jewish dispensaries.

22. Bela Schick developed the diptheria test.

23. The Jewish people do not constitute a race.

24. An Arabic speaking Arab is in language as "Semitic" as any Hebrew-speaking Jew.

25. The Jews supplied their proportionate quota of soldiers in the Civil War.

26. In times of crisis people tend to believe something which offers an easy explanation for their troubles. The Jews seem to be traditionally the people blamed.

27. No group in America has special privileges or special debilities by virtue of race or religion.

28. The percentage of Jewish bankers in the United States is less than one percent.

29. The Jews are no more agressive or clannish than peoples of other groups.

30. Whites, Negroes and Mongols have all four types of blood.

Test 1.

Part B.-- Write a summary of what you have learned in connection with this unit.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE STORIES OF

GREAT MEN AND WOMEN

A GREAT MEDICAL INVESTIGATOR 1/

Dr. Alexis Carrel

Some fifteen years ago Dr. Alexis Carrel was given a place of honor by hundreds of his fellow scientists as one of the twelve greatest scientists of this country. In medical research he would stand as one of two or three great investigators. Dr. Carrel came to the United States in 1905. He is an Americanized Frenchman, having been born at Sainte Foy de Lyons, France, in 1873. At the early age of seventeen he received his L. B. from the University of Lyons and his SC.B. the following year. He took his M.D. degree in 1900 from the same university and later received his Sc.D. from Columbia, Brown, and Princeton Universities.

It has been said, "Few men have conferred greater aid to mankind than has Dr. Carrel." By means of a vivid imagination and a great patience, added to understanding and skill, he has made discoveries that for immediate use and for what may result from them are most important. This work has been done largely at the Rockefeller Institute for medical research in New York City and in France during the years of the World War. Dr. Carrel has been connected with the Institute since 1906 and has made a great contribution to its work, while the Institute has given him his opportunity by making possible the development of his undertakings.

A sight of this great surgeon in the past twenty-five years would show a man of amazing vitality, a figure of less than medium height, though of the type that suggests strength and power, a mobile clean-shaven face accentuated by the baldness of his head, a thin straight nose indicating the keenness of the scientist. His thin firm lips closely shut might be stern if a genial smile did not frequently enlighten the face and gleam from eyes, remarkable in color, for one is a violet

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1/ Annie E. S. Beard, Our Foreign Born Citizens, pp. 107-117; Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York, 1939.

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[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

blue and the other a soft dark brown. The hands of a surgeon are usually noticeable for their fineness, but in war days in France it was said of Dr. Carrel's, "There is not such another pair of hands in all of France, perhaps in all of the world." He had extraordinary skill in technique and this would have brought a fortune if he had been willing to be diverted from scientific research to surgical practice.

There are four of his especial achievements that will be noted here:

1. The artificial growth of cellular tissue.
2. The transplantation of organs.
3. The sewing of blood vessels.
4. The method of antiseptic irrigation of deep wounds.

In the past a great disadvantage to medical science had been the impossibility of examining the chemical processes resulting from certain substances introduced into the body. Efforts had been made to "grow tissues" artificially so that their development and decay might be studied. Three men began the work that was later successfully developed by Dr. Carrel and his assistant Dr. Burrows. Dr. Jacques Loeb was a forerunner in the study of cell growths; Dr. Leo Loeb sewed up alien tissue beneath the skin of dogs and it grew. Dr. Ross G. Harrison of Johns Hopkins University had made research in growth of tissues, but only in cold-blooded animals such as a frog. Now Dr. Carrel carried further experiments and methods started by these men and successfully applied them to warm-blooded animals in a wonderful way. The fact that beginnings were made by others does not detract from his accomplishment, for as he himself said--thereby showing the modesty of his nature--"Almost every step in scientific progress which appears to be due to the efforts of one individual is, in reality, the result indirectly of the unknown scientific work of many others."

He gave special credit to Paul Bert, who made experiments in France in the last century, saying, "My studies are but the continuation of his."

After long investigation Dr. Carrel determined that the only way was to take a piece of living tissue from a body and cause its cells to multiply--tissue being made up of an aggregation of cells--in other words, to keep the tissue alive. By the year 1912 he had succeeded in separating from body, brain, and nervous system of a warm-body animal, that animal's heart, stomach, liver, intestines, kidney, and bladder, and of having these organs live and functionate under his eyes for ten hours. In this was the promise that henceforth doctors might see the organs of circulation and digestion actually at work. Just think what it would mean to see a living heart beating and a living stomach digesting! Finally, the heart tissue of a chicken was kept alive for 120 days after its removal from the body. The value of such achievement is not only for purposes of observation, but as an assistance to nature's reparative processes. In the healing of wounds and the mending of bones there must be a building up of tissue; if by artificial means cells can be multiplied, the growth of new tissue is hastened. With extracts from animal tissues and glands, Dr. Carrel has healed a wound and enabled bones to knit in much less time than has ever been done before. Also, in almost every disease there is a destruction of tissue in some part of the body. These experiments pointed to the possibility of more certain recovery from many types of disease.

He has said, "I only hope that my methods will serve in the discovery of laws still unknown, the knowledge of which will aid in treating and preventing the diseases which attack the human race." In speaking of his work it has been said of him, "He has all the audacity of an American, and a modesty that comports with the character of neither Frenchman nor American."

In 1912 the Nobel prize ($40,000) was awarded to Dr. Carrel for his valuable services in medical research for the benefit of humanity. He was the third man in this country to receive this award. In 1906 it was given to President Roosevelt for services in bringing about peace between Russia and Japan. The next year Professor Michelson received the prize for achievement in physics. Dr. Carrel was the first man in the medical profession in America to receive the award.

In the transplantation of organs wonderful experiments were tried, the most popular one being that the leg of a black dog had been grafted upon the body of a white dog so satisfactorily that the white dog was able to scratch his fleas with the claws of the transplanted leg. The fact that great results often depend on minute causes will be illustrated in these experiments: the tissue from which a growth is to take place must be exceedingly small because only the outer edge of a tissue can get nourishment when deprived of the normal blood circulation.

Quite recently Dr. Carrel has said in speaking of the new cytology, "If its full significance is given to this term, it is the science concerned with cells and tissues, their functions as well as their structure. In the development of the new cytology as in the development of every science, the conception is more important than the method. Techniques are only the servants of ideas. They have no great power in themselves. For this reason the application to biological problems of the so-called method of tissue-culture by workers still clinging to classical cytology and histology has led to the confirmation of facts already known, but not to any real discoveries. A method is an instrument which finds only that which is being sought. The new cytology is considering cells and tissues not only as elements of the dead body, but as living beings which are

themselves parts of organisms of a more complex order. With the help of the auxiliary sciences of physiology, it is progressively discovering the properties which make these cells and tissues the structural and functional units of an harmonious whole."

In connection with blood transfusion, Dr. Carrel's surgical skill found a way to sew the blood vessels together without clotting or leakage. As an illustration of what can be done in transfusion, the following story was published some years ago. A father of a little child called up Dr. Carrel and informed him his child was dying of hemorrhage of the new-born. Carrel was not a practicing surgeon but he arose and went. He found the baby white and life was ebbing fast. "If we can keep it alive for twenty minutes, I can save it," he said. He made the father lie on the bed beside it. Then he opened an artery in the man's arm and a vein in the baby's leg and joined the two by a new method he had just worked out on dogs. In a moment the father's blood poured into the veins of the dying child, its skin began to turn pink and in an hour or two the parents had a normal baby instead of a dead one.

Some people oppose vivisection, but without animal experimentation such an operation as this and a thousand others could not be performed. It is interesting to note that the man who put this story in print was at the head of a humane society, and was writing in defense of the proper use of animals for the good of humans. Ernest Harold Baynes ends the story saying, "Ask those parents if they wouldn't have two or three stray dogs which Carrel used under ether in order to develop that method." He emphasizes that Dr. Carrel and most surgeons worthy of the name show consideration and care for subjects used for experimentation, reducing to a minimum such discomfort as is necessary, and administering anaesthetic when needed. Is not the suffering of a few animals better than the greater suffering of many human beings?

In 1914 when the World War broke out, Alexis Carrel offered his services to his native country. He entered the French Army Medical Service as a major and established the Compiegne Hospital where Mme. Carrel assisted him. He had married the previous year, and his wife was ably fitted to coöperate with him. As Anne de la Motte, she had been a laboratory student of the famous French surgeon Tuffier, and then married the Marquis de la Marie. When the marchioness was widowed she resumed her laboratory work in a Paris hospital. There she met Dr. Carrel and became his laboratory assistant. Later, in 1913, they were married.

The greatest need in war time was for better sterilization of wounds and for better methods of overcoming infection. The difficulty in past days in the sterilization of deep wounds had been that only the surface was reached with the antiseptic and the cleansing of a wound through surface application was "like trying to wash a dirty sponge by laying a wet rag on it." Dr. Carrel set himself to discover some better way. He conceived the idea that "just as one washes a sponge by repeated saturations and wringings so should a wound be washed by some sort of a flushing system that would send an antiseptic solution to every part of the wound, allow it to pick up, so to speak, the germs of infection and then carry them away." Two things were necessary: a proper solution, and a proper apparatus for applying and distributing it.

The problem of the solution was turned over to Henry D. Dakin, a great English chemist who experimented with more than two hundred mixtures before one was determined upon for use. The apparatus developed by Dr. Carrel himself carried the solution to a wound in perforated tubes buried in the flesh and allowed it to drain away by gravity. Once every two hours the wound was flushed with the solution and the evidences of its efficacy were numerous. The method was to fill the wound in every possible recess, and to keep the antiseptic fluid

in contact with the entire inner surface of the wound all the time. There was no hindrance through expense for the Rockefeller Institute generously stood back of any research work that was calculated to be of benefit to the human race. The hospital provided was originally a tourist hotel.

This method of antiseptic irrigation of deep wounds resulted in remarkably quick recoveries and in most cases left no after ill effects. It became known as "Method de Irrigation Intermittent, Carrel." Under the best practice of years previous many of those wounds would have resulted in death or in a crippled condition for life. As it was, thousands of soldiers went out as well men. In 1917 Mme. Carrel was reported as saying, "We take pride in the fact that no man has yet died from his wounds in our hospital. Indeed the only one we have lost at all died from pneumonia. The fine part of it too is that we are turning out almost no cripples but men who can fight and work for France. Our sincerest hope now that the system has been so nearly perfected is that it will be used in all the hospitals of France and of the Allies." When on leave for a short time, Doctors Carrel and Dakin taught in a temporary hospital erected on the grounds of the Rockefeller Institute in New York City and many American surgeons and doctors learned how to use this treatment.

In the World War infection was more widespread and malignant than had been known by surgeons in other modern wars. In civiliam life, eighty per cent of the amputations had been a necessity because of infection; if this were overcome many limbs could be saved. Thus this "conquest of infection" has become a permanent benefit for humanity for all time. It was one good that came out of the great evil of the war.

In 1935 an original and able work came from the pen of Alexis Carrel under the title Man the Unknown. The Preface shows clearly the humility of a great

man. The book offers opportunity for a better understanding of human beings and of life, not only to the scholar but to every thoughtful person. It stands alone in its particular effort and accomplishment and is most interesting and valuable. An address was given by Dr. Carrel at the Newman Foundation, Champaign, Illinois, upon receiving the Cardinal Newman award. In this he pleads for "a new knowledge of man," man as a whole, a concrete object to be studied synthetically and in relation to his physical, chemical and mental surroundings.

In late years Dr. Carrel has said, "As Descartes wrote three hundred years ago, we must ask from medicine the solution of the problems which are vital to the greatness and happiness of the human race."

DIMITRI MITROPOULOS 1/

Just ten years ago a lean, bald-headed Greek stepped ashore from a third-class cabin at a New York dock and made his way unobtrusively to Boston where he was scheduled to conduct a concert of the world-famous Boston Symphony Orchestra. His resoundingly Hellenic name was Dimitri Mitropoulos. Bostonians, who are inclined to think Greeks are people who run lunch wagons, had never heard of him. But on the advice of their regular conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, they had advanced $500 minus traveling expenses to bring him over from Europe for a guest appearance.

As he stepped to the podium, the audience in Symphony Hall assumed the raised brows appropriate to America's proudest and most discriminating musical public. The bald-headed Greek lauched into an incredible display of fist-shaking, crouching and shadowboxing. He even jumped into the air in his enthusiasm. The brows soon fell. The Boston Symphony was playing as even Bostonians had seldom heard it play before. The concert ended in such a burst of applause and cheers that the great Serge Koussevitzky nervously fingered his well-tended laurels.

The Greek moved on to New York and Philadelphia, guest-conducting other orchestras. Wherever he went he was followed by thundering ovations. Critics raved about the exquisite clarity and the dynamic energy he drew from th musicians under him. He became one of the most talked-about figures in the U. S. musical world. Orchestra musicians talked about his incredible memory which, they claimed, exceeded even the great Toscanini's. They also talked about his remarkable personality. He was not like other maestros. He never lost his temper. Through a temperament that bordered on the saintly he was able to inspire an almost doglike devotion in every member of an orchestra.

1/ Winthrop Sargeant, Life, 20: 57-64; February 18, 1946.

Outside the rehearsal halls the Mitropoulos legend grew even more fabulous. His severe, monastic appearance and his ascetic habits gave rise to the rumor that he was really a monk. Sentimental society women whom he politely ignored, referred to him breathlessly as "El Greco" and invented stories about an unrequited love affair in Greece that had ended in a vow of eternal celibacy. It was known for a fact (many musicians had confirmed it) that Dimitri Mitropoulos often prayed in his dressing room before concerts and that he wore a large crucifix under his shirt. But few people ever got to know the solitary and gifted Greek. He ignored all invitations. His social life was nonexistent. Outside his music he remained an enigma.

The people who really found out about Dimitri Mitropoulos were the citizens of Minneapolis, who invited him to guest-conduct in their city and then snagged him with a permanent contract as conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony. A prime object of civic cultural pride since 1903, the Minneapolis Symphony had always ranked high among the 350-odd symphony orchestras of the U. S. But it was outranked by the orchestras of Chicago and Cleveland and, compared to such world-famous outfits as the Boston Symphony and the Philadelphia Orchestra, it was distinctly minor league. Its annual budget of around $250,000 was considerably less than the near-million a year it costs to run the New York Philharmonic and the NBC Symphony, which with the Boston and Philadelphia Orchestras constitute the "big four" of U. S. symphonic music. Its acquisition of Mitropoulos was noted enviously by the ever-loving patrons of major, minor, bush-league and sandlot symphony orchestras from New York to San Diego. It was as though the Minneapolis Millers had signed up Hank Greenberg.

The gloomy Greek has since become as familiar a feature of Minneapolis as the winter snow that annually encrusts its streets. He is known to every cab

driver and waiter in town. His concerts in the huge Northrop Auditorium on the University of Minnesota campus draw what is said to be the largest single regular musical audience (5,000) in the U. S. Several times a year Minneapolis proudly lends him to the New York Philharmonic or the Philadelphia Orchestra or the NBC Symphony, where his short guest appearances invariably rank with the peak events of the musical season. Singlehandedly Dimitri Mitropoulos has made Minneapolis one of the important musical capitals of the world.

Conducting his rehearsals in Northrop Auditorium, Mitropoulos resembles a cheerleader rather than a symphonic maestro. He almost never refers to the score of the music he is rehearsing. His knowledge of it is so detailed that he can diagnose the subtlest error more accurately than his musicians can with the music in front of them. He often amazes them by counting several hundred measures backward in his head, arriving at the precise location of a wrong note or an incorrect bit of phrasing. The formalities of baton technique that are the pride of more elegant conductors mean nothing to him. When he uses a baton, he holds it absentmindedly--sometimes like a paintbrush, sometimes like a fork. More often he dispenses with it entirely, pounding the air with his fists, stamping his feet and even wandering down among the players and gesticulating in their faces. At times he gives the impression of vigorously shaking himself out like a rug.

Despite this remarkable display of physical vitality, Mitropoulos never swears or scolds. He talks to his men as though they were his closest friends, which in fact many of them are, patiently explaining and encouraging until they play exactly the way he wants them to. Mitropoulos never conducts an orchestra without first memorizing the name of every man in it. Privately he admits he dislikes using a baton because it is a symbol of authority. "I don't want to

boss," he says. "I like to be an adviser and a helper." A virtuoso pianist who might have had a brilliant career at the keyboard alone, Mitropoulos likes nothing better than to sit in with his orchestra as soloist in a piano concerto, conducting the men at the same time by vigorously nodding his bald pate.

When Mitropoulos first came to Minneapolis, he immediately set tongues wagging by taking up his residence in a student dormitory on the college campus. The room he lived in was just big enough to hold a piano, a couple of trunks and an old cot on which he slept. Minneapolis society, which has always thought of its symphony conductors as prime social lions, was nonplused. With an airy calm that would have done credit to his compatriot Diogenes, Mitropoulos explained that $3,000 was enough for any man to live on. The rest of his $25,000 salary was rumored to be disappearing into various secret philanthropies. A few of them, from time to time, came to light. Mitropoulos was staking several young people to a college education. They included two theological students--one an Episcopalian, one a Presbyterian--and the son of one of the musicians in his orchestra.

Taxi drivers who drove the Greek to and from his concerts found him quietly interested in their family troubles and ready to help alleviate them with a $10 tip or more. A young Cuban composer arrived in Minneapolis and went to show his scores to Mitropoulos. Mitropoulos told him his scores were terrible, reduced him to tears and then offered to pay his tuition for an advanced course in composition at the University of Minnesota. At home on the campus Mitropoulos became a philosophical sob sister and adviser to countless bewildered adolescents who flocked about him with troubles that ranged from love to economic insecurity. Ignoring invitations to the homes of Minneapolis' best families, he would often spend an evening at a burlesque show with a trombonist from his orchestra. On

tour with the orchestra Mitropoulos would scorn special railroad accomodations and travel by coach with his men, carrying his scores and other belongings in a knapsack which he also used for a pillow at night.

When the symphony failed to meet its annual budget, Mitropoulos wanted to take the orchestra to the corner of Seventh and Nicollet in downtown Minneapolis and pass the hat while it played. He was finally dissuaded by the symphony society's manager, Mrs. Carlyle Scott, who got the orchestra's somewhat horrified backers together for a benefit concert at the Hotel Nicollet and passed the hat there instead.

During the war Mitropoulos decided to spend a whole summer working for a Red Cross mobile blood-donation unit that traveled about rural Minnesota in a truck, collecting plasma. With good-natured patience he cleaned test tubes and did other menial chores, occasionally varying his routine by playing boogie-woogie on farmhouse pianos while their owners' veins were being tapped.

The key to Dimitri Mitropoulos' personality, as his intimate friends know, is a streak of religious mysticism that affects every thought and action of a curiously biblical existence. Despite its rather eccentric manifestations, there is not a trace of pose about it. Mitropoulos simply takes his religion more literally than most people do. He has done so ever since his childhood in Athens, where he was born 50 years ago. Son of a not very successful leather merchant, nephew of two Orthodox monks and grandnephew of an archbishop of the Greek Church, Mitropoulos grew up with the notion of becoming a monk in one of the celebrated monasteries of Mt. Athos. That he failed to pursue this ambition is mainly attributable to a native rebelliousness against dogma and a lifelong love of instrumental music, which is not permitted in the rituals of the Greek Orthodox Church.

His first public success came not as a conductor but as a composer when his opera Beatrice, based on Maeterlinck's mystical play, was performed in Athens by a company headed by the same Katina Paxinou who recently became famous as the Pilar of the movie, For Whom the Bell Tolls. The Debussyesque phrases of Beatrice have since been forgotten, but the performance happened to be attended by the French composer Camille Saint-Saens, who promptly shipped the young Dimitri off to Brussels on a musical scholarship. Mitropoulos spent several years studying in Belgium and Germany, perfecting himself as a virtuoso pianist, and finally landed a job, through the intermediation of a Greek scenic designer, as assistant conductor of the Berlin State Opera. His big opportunity arrived when, at 34, he was engaged to conduct the Berlin Philharmonic at a concert where the famous Dutch pianist Egon Petri was to play Prokofieff's Third Piano Concerto. When it turned out that Petri had neglected to prepare the concerto, Mitropoulos stepped into his place, giving a brilliant performance at the piano and conducting the orchestra at the same time. The feat was so successful that for a time Mitropoulos was asked to repeat it in tours all over Europe. Finally the Russian composer Prokofieff, who liked to play the concerto himself, was so irritated by the Greek's success in it that he wrote another concerto for his own use. The fact that Mitropoulos made the Prokofieff Third into a musical best-seller, coupled with the fact that it was published by a Paris publishing house owned by Serge Koussevitzky, undoubtedly contributed to Koussevitzky's decision to invite Mitropoulos to Boston as guest conductor.

Mitropoulos confesses to doing everything in life the hard way, if possible: "If there were two ways to get to a place, one an easy, level road and the other a path over a mountain, it would be my nature to choose the mountain path." At first glance this notion would not appear to be an eminently practical one, but

with Mitropoulos it has paid big artistic dividends. It is the extra margin of gratuitious effort that makes Mitropoulos the extraordinary artist that he is.

His one absorbing hobby, which he pursues in normal times with relentless enthusiasm, is mountain climbing. A onetime professional guide and an ex-president of the Alpine Club of Athens, he has scaled most of the famous peaks of both Europe and North America. Before the war, accompanied by his close friend, the mountaineering author Larry Gould (now president of Northfield, Minnesota's Carleton College), he could be found nearly every summer clambering over the high passes of the Rockies and the Sierra Nevada. It is characteristically a lonely hobby, and the Greek approaches it with the same air of lugubrious mysticism that surrounds his other activities. "When I have reached a high place," he confides with a childlike mixture of glee and gloom, "I am filled both with zest of life and a realization of how near I am to death. You know, when I have to die, I hope it will be by falling down a mountain!"

KAGAWA 1/

Dangerous--But He Liked It

A chubby graduate student, eagerly crossing the Princeton campus with a small library in his arms, would draw comments like these:

"That Jap sure likes the books!"

"Maybe he'll get there yet."

But the cheerful, bespectacled visitor from across the Pacific whom we innocent seniors were so blindly patronizing had already arrived. During the preceding eight years, this boyish-looking Oriental had smilingly undergone enough to deserve the applause that the world has recently been showering upon him. What follows in this chapter is only a small part of the story he never mentioned and we never suspected.

He was almost of age and it was the day before Christmas, just the time to launch his great offensive. For the last two years he had been dreaming of little else and now at last he was marching. There was no band to urge him on, but in his mind Dickens' Christmas Carol was singing. Scrooge in that marvelous English tale was conquered by a superior force. Would the enemy in like manner go down before the Japanese Kagawa? Or would death take him first? He was the son of a Samurai! There would be no turning back. If need be, they would find his body by the wall.

Meanwhile his body, this December 24 of 1909, is unromantically hitched to a cart, a cart in which thick quilts like mattresses and bundles of books are neatly packed. Strange weapons for one whose father was close in counsel to the Emperor. The sword of this young campaigner must have a sharp cutting edge, but where is it? It isn't in evidence, either strapped to his side or among the

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1/ Allan A. Hunter, Three Trumpets Sound, pp. 3-12; Association Press, New York, 1939.

luggage. Nor does he look very husky. At times he stops pulling, to cough.

He comes to an alley six or seven feet across. The oozing mud is four inches deep. Picking each step, he manages to keep comparatively clean his stockinged feet above the high wooden clogs. In front of a six-by-nine-foot "house," which is one of a score or more such tiny rooms all fastened together in a one-storied row, he unloads his cart. Up the wooden steps he carries his things and arranges them on the floor. This space, three feet by six, will be enough for a kitchen. And the remaining space, six by six, will do for a study and rest.

It will be a sleepless first night: not merely because there are bed-bugs, but also because once a man was murdered in this room. Toyohiko, half believing in the possibility of ghosts, nevertheless is determined to sleep the night through here. The room has been rented to him for almost nothing--the neighborhood believes the place is haunted.

And what a neighborhood! Toyohiko Kagawa is an eager student. He likes to analyze situations and understand what goes on about him. During the last few months he has been getting the facts about this famous Shinkawa slum in Kobe. Within ten blocks are perhaps ten thousand people jostling one another day and night; chronic beggars, petty pickpockets, toughened gangsters, unwanted children, deserted old folks. A few have notches on their swords or pistols. All have flaws in their character.

Even though one doesn't put much stock in ghosts, the bed-bugs can keep one humble. They are not only persistent. They are, as the theologians up on the hill would say, omnipresent. No wonder that poor girl down the alley chose suicide to escape. As for the particular kind of rat that makes himself so completely at home, would Saint Francis living in this ramshackle tenement have had the heart to call him "brother"?

A man's fist shakes the paper sliding door. "Come in," calls the new resident of Shinkawa. It is the chief of the gamblers who enters.

"Kagawa, do you want a disciple?"

"How a disciple?"

"Someone to stay with you!"

"Bring him along!"

Copper Statue becomes a member of the family. The neighborhood has named him thus for a reason. His skin has taken on a copper hue from drinking. Too lazy to move, he lacks nothing to make the image complete but a pedestal. It is said that he stands practicaly motionless, with hands outstretched for coppers, from six in the morning until six at night. His alibi is that when a man is hungry it is no use moving: activity only makes him hungrier. Over and under the same quilts, on the floor, lying beside Kagawa, he snores all night. Next morning, the host finds himself interrupting his preparation of rice over the charcoal brazier. Every few seconds he has to scratch; first his back, then his legs. He bends over to examine the still sleeping Copper Statue. "So that's it!" he mutters to himself. "My guest has given me the itch!" That was about all that the guest did give him in return for hospitality that continued for months. No, a few days later, he did offer something else--an idea!

Two other guests have installed themselves. One is an ex-convict (and apparently also a lunatic), who breaks out shrieking five or six times a night in terror of the ghost of the man he has killed. He has come to Kagawa believing that "the teacher" has a miraculous power over spirits, and that he will be safe if he can snuggle up close to his friend. When in the nightmare he starts yelling or trembling, Kagawa reaches for his hand, grasps it firmly and comforts him till he falls back to sleep again. In time he is more or less cured, but he continues

to stay on as non-paying guest for several years. The other guest is so low in the social scale that he is not known by his family name but by the name of the province from which he comes.

But to return to the idea of Copper Statue. The teacher has very little money; in other words, very little food to share. He gets perhaps eleven yen a month, and by cleaning the chimneys of American homes up on the hill he can earn five or six more. But the total cannot possibly fill the bowls of four grown men. So, instead of cooking the rice in the usual way, into heaps of firm flaky white grains, why not take what little we have and make soup out of it? By going without lunch every day the four of us could have breakfast and supper; and, if we didn't exercise too much, we could survive, so to speak. "Right!" says Kagawa, "We'll try it."

For fifty days they stick to that diet. To the originator of the plan the two diluted meals almost suffice on account of his brilliantly developed technique of conserving energy, but with Kagawa the matter is not so simple. He has to climb the hill every morning on an empty stomach to the American mission college and recite in class. Moreover, he is always poking around in the slums looking for people in trouble. There are times when the aroma of steaming rice in the restaurants that he has to pass makes him ask himself, "Am I going to stick this out?" On those days when Kagawa prays, "Give us this day our daily bread," he does not mumble it mechanically. With him it is a desperate cry.

At last a nurse, hearing of his strange experiment in sharing, gave Kagawa a five yen note for food. He brought back to his three hungry friends plenty of fish and a small mountain of polished rice. They ate till their chopsticks tired!

One day a man handed Kagawa something carefully wrapped in cloth. "A dead baby. Please, will you bury it for me?" The twenty-one year old student had

never encountered a situation like this. "But why," he said, trying to hand the bundle back, "why don't you bury it yourself?"

"I haven't the money."

Kagawa had none too much himself. But somehow he raked up five yen. Then he made a small coffin out of an orange crate, did everything else necessary for the pale little body with his own hands, and sincerely offered a prayer in its behalf. During his first year in the slums he attended to the funeral of many babies and in the second year even more. Babies in the Shinkawa often had a precarious existence. The death rate was terribly high, not only because of the bad sanitation and the abundance of germs, but because of professional carelessness. A furtive mother would hand over an undesired baby to a baby broker with possibly thirty yen for upkeep. He would pocket his fee and farm it out to some struggling family in the slums. Instead of taking care of the baby with the money that the broker had turned over to them, they would probably pass on the victim to another family poorer still, keeping some of the money for themselves. Babies can stand almost anything, but after all they do have to have food, and food was scarce among these depraved or discouraged derelicts of the slums.

Before he realized what was happening Kagawa was becoming a baby undertaker who paid the bills himself. He also became a mother. Answering to a summons to appear in the jail, he was taken to a cell by a hard-boiled policeman, who said accusingly, "You know this woman?"

"Yes, I've seen her before."

"Well, she says she's your wife."

"O, no."

"Anyway, this is your baby." And the policeman pointed to a crying infant about three months old. "Take it away," said the policeman, "we can't keep this

baby in jail. It hasn't committed any offense." Kagawa did not argue with the jail officials. If he said he was innocent, they wouldn't believe him. If he talked too much, he might get the poor woman into unnecessary trouble: she was in jail on some minor charge but before that she had also committed a crime that, owing to a technicality, would mean a long and useless imprisonment for her if the authorities found out. So out from the jail walked the young bachelor, a little awed, carrying this time a small bundle very much alive.

This baby girl had evidently not been properly fed, and she had a temperature. Kagawa took her to his doctor friend, who prescribed what kind of milk to use and what medicine to give. But there was much that the doctor did not know about babies that Kagawa was destined soon to find out. The first night passed almost peacefully. The incorrigible orphan boy, the unreconstructed rag picker, the nervous beancurd peddler, the moody dockyard laborer, and the old couple enjoying Kagawa's hospitality had, so far as the baby was concerned a quiet night.

When with the morning Kagawa contemplated the tiny sleeping figure curled up on the two bamboo chairs, he had a few bad moments. These men were too clumsy to take care of Ishii. The elderly woman staying here had never had a child, and she was afraid to touch this one. Would he carry it on his back up the hill to school? But that would make too much of a disturbance among his facetious classmates. There was an experienced woman down the alley; maybe she would act as mother during the day. She did. But that night little Ishii became vocal. So Kagawa carried Ishii in his arms up and down, up and down in the alley, soothing her. The next night also was sleepless, and it was hot. The bed-bugs seemed more active than usual. When the clock struck one and Kagawa was holding her in his lap, strange thoughts assailed him. Here was this beautiful gift from God, with the fever-flushed cheeks and rosebud mouth, an angel of purity in the midst

of dirty murder and the concentrated filth of the world. Some day he and Ishii, he dreams, will stride together across the mountain tops looking up at the snow-white clouds and down at the azure inland sea. But just now her pulse is hardly beating and she is still as death. Perhaps she will not live. How cruel! This little thing has had love for only two days. If there is a God who cares, could he let her slip away like this? She must not die. She must not be denied her chance to be loved. And if she does go, how can she be buried? There is no money in the house now. The tears pour down Kagawa's cheeks. They splash upon the delicate eyelashes of the child and awaken her. The frail little body does not stir. But she opens her eyes and the cry of Kagawa's heart is answered.

Four months later the real mother of Ishii--not the one who had been in jail--is discovered and the two are reunited.

Unmentionable insects have been mentioned. A great man, so a psychologist suggests, is one who treats such problems not as a terror but as a challenge. Kagawa took them as a challenge. First, of course, he scratched, just as the rest of us would. Then he studied the habits of these creatures. It appeared that they liked to rendezvous and hide in holes. Punching holes in many blocks of wood, Kagawa circled his bed with them. He had read of an Englishman living among the poor as he was doing, who used always to keep a light burning in his home as an invitation for anyone in trouble to come to the door, no matter how late it might be at night. Kagawa, accordingly, kept the electric light on all night. When someone outside would shriek or a cat would wake him up, that was the time to begin the experiment that he had worked out as a sort of game. He would pick up a needle, shake one of the blocks over a piece of paper and as the bed-bugs would drop out he would, with the help of the light already shining, see how many he could impale. Fifty was a good average. On one hot summer night he scored

ninety. This sport had its merits, but it was not very effective in protecting the sportsman. Kagawa finally developed a plan that enabled him to ignore the intruders for most of the night. He placed mosquito netting under as well as over himself. Those that got on the inside he could handle, one at a time.

Epidemics were spawning in the slums most of the time. Lice caused typhus to break out; rats multiplied the black plague. Cholera, dysentery, and small pox worked their ugly way through the alleys. Next-door neighbors died of these diseases, but Kagawa stayed on, doing what he could for the sick. For some strange reason these epidemics passed him by.

The disease most trying to him was intestinal tuberculosis. (He himself still had tuberculosis of the lungs.) The odor becomes almost unendurable. Once he found a woman suffering from intestinal tuberculosis. She had fainted and no one wanted to touch her. Kagawa brought her to his home and cared for her as if he were an expert nurse. A neighbor boy was dying of this terrible disease. Kagawa took him in.

Someone reported to him the desperate case of a sick woman living alone in an untended hut. Kagawa hurried to the place. It was a sort of chicken coop, and the woman obviously was unable to take care of herself. Kneeling, he somehow got her up on his back and panted home with his burden. There he washed her dirty body and clothes. She seemed to be suffering from the noisome dread disease, but his doctor friend thought otherwise. After months of treatment in Kagawa's house (which by this time had been enlarged by the rental of three or four rooms used as hospital, free lodging house, and chapel), she became much better.

When Kagawa got married and brought his bride to his overcrowded home, this not very bright but steadily recuperating woman was still there. But Mrs. Kagawa seemed not to mind. She was as anxious to serve as was her husband. One thing

was sure: with such a household and husband she could never have time to be bored. In addition to the sick woman with the idiot's smile, there was an old economically helpless couple, a mother with several children whom he had just taken in, and others making up a company about ten in number.

How Kagawa and Haruko came to be engaged is a romance combining the brisk modernity of the West with the charming antiquity of the East. Haruko means "Springtime." She worked in a bookbindery, and faithfully attended when off duty the services Kagawa conducted in his small slum chapel. One cannot imagine Gandhi or even Schweitzer writing so revealingly of a girl as Kagawa writes of Haruko, and his other near-sweethearts, in one of his autobiographical novels. Haruko, it seems, was not so skilled in the social graces as Kohide, who used to come down to the slums to see him; nor was she so flowerlike as the little outcaste Tamae, whose shadowlike love for him stirred his sense of beauty. Frankly, it was for a time hard for the young man to make up his mind. Never had he pressed a maiden to his heart, so timid was he. But for all his burning desire to be pure, he had no interest in being an ascetic forever. Haruko was healthy; but, confessed Kagawa, she was also a little stout. But Kagawa was not to mill around in this quandary for long. Haruko came to him one day when he was ill in bed. Her problem was this: her family wanted her to marry a certain teacher who had made the conventional approaches through a middleman. Moreover, Haruko was about twenty-five years old, and her marriageable age was passing. What should she do? "If God finds me of any use in helping the poor people in the slums, I should be willing to spend all my life here. That is what I wanted to consult you about."

The only other person present was the half-wit, so they continued the interview without embarrassment. Haruko firmly stated that, if there was a vacant room somewhere in the slums, she could come and live there. Her family wouldn't

object. She had saved a little money, and with that she could earn enough to pay for her food. On the other hand, it might be better for her to take her father's advice and marry the school teacher even if she hadn't yet seen him. Then she asked if there was any reason why she should not come to live with Kagawa.

"To live with me?"

"Yes, as a servant. I'll work well. I don't want any wages or anything if you'll give me my food." Her eyes were intelligent. Her face glowed.

This was not a proposal; it only left the way open. In the back of his mind Kagawa had long entertained the thought that perhaps it was not right to ask any woman to be his wife and share the sufferings he intended never to dodge. But this girl had a strong will. He liked her mind and the way she used words. She would prove a real comrade for his Quest.

He broke the ice: "You think of coming to live in Shinkawa. I'm afraid people would talk about it and that it would cause a lot of gossip if we lived together. If you come to live here you must make up your mind to marry me."

She blushed and protested that she had not nearly the position or education that "the teacher" had. Kagawa reached for her hand, which was resting on the matted floor. The tears that flooded his eyes he tried to hide under the bed-clothes.

When he was able to get up a few days later, they made an agreement. They would meet at the beach at six in the morning and make their decision. Kagawa was there before sunrise, and she was there waiting, cheeks full of life and hair beautifully arranged. Yes, she loved him and he loved her.

"We shall get married at once," he said.

"You and I? If you care for me I would be willing to lay down my life for you." There on the beach as they kissed each other, the sun broke through the

mist and illumined them. That partnership had a tested an increasing glory. The wife, mother of three children, has well been named Springtime, as Kagawa admits: "With her I live always in the beauty, strength, and marvel of the Spring."

CHAPLAIN COURAGEOUS 1/

There had been 12 "General Quarters" during the night but no enemy planes had got through, and now the dawn had sent the Japs scurrying back to their bases on Okinawa and Kyushu. March 19 looked like just another routine day for the big Essex-class carrier U.S.S. Franklin, rolling along 53 miles east of Shikoku, on Japan's doorstep. At 7 a.m., fighters zoomed off her deck for a strike at Kobe, and then the whole ship was quiet.

Everyone felt pretty secure. The ship was in the midst of a huge task force. American air-combat patrol circled above. Thirty Helldivers warmed up on the big flight deck.

Captain Leslie E. Gehres stood on the bridge with his air officer and his navigator, peering at a low-hanging cloud bank. Down in the wardroom Lieut. Commander Joseph Timothy O'Callahan, the Catholic chaplain, was having breakfast with a few officers. The padre was a dark, slight-built man with the face of a perennial altar boy.

Then it happened. It was 7:07 a.m. There was no warning--just an explosion that shook the ship and, before the sound had died away, there came another, so quickly that it might have been an echo.

What had happened? No one in the wardroom knew. But Captain Gehres, up on the bridge, knew. He saw a single-engined Judy flash out of the cloud bank, diving at 360 miles an hour. It came over the bows of the Franklin at 75-foot height, dropped one 500-pounder near the deck edge, swung around the island, and dropped another aft. As the skipper said later, "It was a Jap pilot's dream."

It was ominously quiet now--for 30 seconds. No one knew that the quiet was merely a prelude to the most violent tragedy in the history of the U.S. Navy.

1/ Quentin Reynolds, Readers Digest, 47: 13-18; September, 1945.

Special Elements 1/

There has been an "unusual occurrence" during the night [illegible] and for [illegible], and will be done and the time accounting book is kept below on [illegible] and Kruger. Again it looked like just another routine day for the duty [illegible] U.S.S. Franklin, relaxing along in quiet seas at [illegible] on Channel training. It was 0.D., Fielding Mount off her port bow a [illegible] mile. And then the whole ship was alert.

Gunnery Drill nearly ended. The duty was in the [illegible] of a [illegible] Control officer [illegible] Target [illegible] towed by the big Planes [illegible].

Course Zebra 5. Enemy ships in the bridge [illegible] with [illegible] Battleship, Heavies at 2-Degree [illegible]. Turn in the opposite [illegible] Commander Cassady Turnup Jr.[illegible], CAG [illegible], was [illegible] while in the [illegible]. The enemy had 2 [illegible], [illegible] and also the [illegible] protected [illegible].

Then it happened. It was 1:07 P.M. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] that about the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], Turn [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] it might have been an [illegible].

Then the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. But [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The first bomb, slicing through steel plate to the hangar deck, exploded among gas tanks and planes. The second, landing in the midst of the planes warming up on deck, blew them against one another, threw turning steel-bladed propellers against fuselages. Flame and a heavy billow of smoke covered the planes and the men and the deck.

Commander Edwin Parker, who had just taken off in his Corsair, banked sharply, got on the tail of the Judy, let go a burst, and the Jap splashed. But he had done his work very well indeed.

For now the merciful interlude of 30 seconds was gone. Under the flight deck, the flames reached the bombs and the rockets, and it was as though the world had come to an end. The explosion lifted the huge Franklin and spun it sharply to starboard. A burst of flame 400 feet high leaped out of the deck edge. The exploding flight deck burst upward in a dozen places. Huge rockets went off with weird swooshes, zooming through the holes in the deck high into the sky like giant Roman candles.

The planes that were aft now began to burn fiercely. Hot bombs tore loose from them and rolled about. Fifty-caliber belts went off like firecrackers. Men lay stunned all over the flight deck. Men lay dead on the hangar deck.

The CIC (Combat Information Center) on the gallery deck burst upward in a tremendous explosion, hurling the men in it against the steel overhead. Every man there died instantly, except Lieut. W. A. Simon, the only one wearing a helmet. Close by, in the ready room, a dozen pilots died instantly. Fifty tons of ready ammunition drilled through the Franklin's decks, 50 tons of stored bombs and rockets tore the Franklin's guts apart. Twelve thousand gallons of gasoline burned fiercely inside her. The skippers of the cruisers and destroyers for miles

around watched and winced as they saw the Franklin racked by 31 major explosions.

Father O'Callahan tried to make his way aft, to get to the flight deck where the wounded were. He was met by barriers of flame and twisted metal. He knew how much dynamite and gasoline the ship carried, and that it was probably only a few minutes before the flames would reach a magazine that would blow the ship sky high. He knew and he accepted the prospect of death calmly.

Groping his way through corridors heavy with smoke, he reached a group of frantic men trying to climb through a hatchway to the deck. They were jammed in the hatchway, shocked numb.

"One at a time, boys!" Father O'Callahan called crisply, and when they recognized the authority in his voice some of the tenseness left them and reason returned. "Take it easy. One at a time," he repeated, and one by one they hoisted themselves through the hatchway.

Every man on the ship shared something with Joseph Timothy O'Callahan. He talked their language, and they knew he was their friend. When you got into trouble he was always there with a word in your defense. Besides, he was somehow more than a cleric. He played poker with you and he wrote songs for the band and in port he'd have a coke with you. "He only believes in two things," they'd say, "---God and the enlisted man."

Meanwhile, Commander Joe Taylor, second in command of the ship, was trying to find his way to the bridge. The flight deck aft was a jungle of debris and bodies; the smoke was so thick "you could eat it and spit it." Taylor dropped to the deck and crawled, using the deck seams as guides. Finally he found the island. The bottom part of it was enveloped in smoke and flame and he couldn't get to the doors. But he found a chain ladder hanging down, and he scrambled up and tumbled over the side of the bridge.

By now every ship in the task force was figuring out some way to help the Franklin. Carriers had sent their fighters up to protect the stricken ship: the billowing smoke could be seen 40 miles away--almost to the Japanese mainland. The cruiser Santa Fe and the destroyer Miller had come up and begun to play hoses on the flames.

Gehres asked the Miller and Santa Fe to take off the seriously wounded and the whole air group aboard. There is no discretion in this matter. These men must live to fight from another ship.

As Air Admiral Davidson left he said to Gehres, "You'd better prepare to abandon ship."

"If you'll give me an air patrol and surface support, I think I can save her, sir," Gehres said. Admiral Davidson shook hands and nodded. In the Navy, the captain of the ship is its boss.

Now the Franklin was dead in the water and had a 14-degree list to starboard. She drifted away from the Santa Fe, but the cruiser, commanded by Captain H. C. Fitz, turned about and crunched hard and fast against the sagging side of the Franklin. "Greatest bit of seamanship I ever saw," Gehres said.

The explosions kept coming. A magazine containing five-inch shells blew up. But Fitz, on the bridge of the Santa Fe, ignored them and ignored the debris, including whole aircraft engines, that sprinkled his ship.

From the bridge, Gehres saw Father O'Callahan manning a hose. Exhausted men numb from shock lay on the deck but when they saw the padre with the white cross painted on his helmet they climbed to their feet and followed him.

Hot bombs still rolled about the deck. If the heavy stream of the hose hit the sensitive noses of the bombs they would exploed. So O'Callahan directed his hose at the deck a foot from the bombs and sprinkled and sprayed them, keeping

them cool even though fires raged near them. The smoke was bad. Men could stand only a few minutes of it. They would fall back gasping, and O'Callahan would cry for more men. He seemed made of iron. Gehres said afterward that "O'Callahan is the bravest man I've ever seen in my life."

Fire threatened a five-inch magazine below, loaded with shells. O'Callahan saw the danger and rushed into the magazine, calling for men to follow. Heat had blistered the paint off ammo lockers, and heavy greenish smoke poured out. The padre wet down the lockers and the shells, and then helped carry the stuff out and dump it overboard.

Flaming gasoline sluiced down the sloping deck, floating flames that licked everywhere. O'Callahan turned his hose on it and swept it overboard. The fight to survive went on.

One of the many who waged the battle was Lieut. (j.g.) Donald Gary, a former petty officer who had served 30 years at sea. Gary knew that many men were trapped in the messroom on the third deck aft. He walked through fire and water and blast to reach it--how, no one knows. In the messroom were 300 men. There were four entrances to the room. Three of the steel doors had been sprung by the heat and blast. The other exit was seemingly blocked by fire, but Gary got through.

"Form a chain!" he shouted. "Each man grab another man and follow me. Come in groups of 20."

Gary's small flashlight made no impression in the thick yellow smoke that filled the passageways. But he found a ventilator trunk. He led the men to it, removed the grate, got inside and began to climb. The men followed him and within a few minutes lay gasping on the flight deck. Gary went back many times. He brought every one of the 300 men out to safety. Captain Gehres later recommended

him for the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Now, by transferring water and oil from starboard tanks to port, the ship was brought almost on an even keel. Captain Gehres decided to accept a tow from the cruiser Pittsburgh, and 30 men on the Franklin began to haul in the eight-inch rope. Ordinarily this would be done by winches, but there was no power.

"Yeave...Ho...Yeave...Ho," the men chanted as they hauled. The huge rope slackened and tightened and slackened and tightened, and every time it tightened a few extra precious feet came aboard.

When everything was secured, the Pittsburgh began to tow slowly. At least the Franklin wouldn't be a sitting duck when Jap planes came over. Most of her guns were out of commission, even if the men weren't too busy with the fires to man them.

Gehres noticed one 40-mm. battery that hadn't been touched. But Gehres wondered if he could spare the men to man it. He sometimes thinks aloud. His 19-year-old Marine orderly, Wally Klimciewicz, heard him thinking out loud now.

"Begging the Captain's pardon, but may I have permission to man the battery?" Klimciewicz said.

"What do you know about 40-millimeters?" Gehres asked impatiently.

"I'm a Marine, sir," Klimciewicz said.

"All right, Marine. Go ahead."

The orderly scrambled down and half an hour later Gehres saw him with seven other men at the battery. Klimciewicz had gathered together two cooks, one gunner's mate, a yeoman, two buglers from the band and another Marine orderly--and none too soon. Far above the horizon, black puffs dotted the sky. Enemy planes were coming in. The puffs blossomed closer as nearby ships began to fire. Klimciewicz hunched over the sights of his battery.

Then a Judy dived at the Franklin. Klimciewicz's 40's popped at her. The makeshift crew had to shift the gun by hand; the electrical controls were out. The Judy, coming at 300 miles an hour, was a hundred yards from the ship when she swerved sharply. The 40's had hit her, just enough to make her lose control. She dropped a bomb and missed the Franklin by 20 feet. The explosion shook the ship--but no further damage was done. Klimciewicz and his makeshift crew had saved the Franklin from a hit that undoubtedly would have been fatal.

Twice during the afternoon Jap planes made desperate efforts to get at her. But now the whole fleet was fighting to save this amazing ship that refused to die, and more than 40 Jap planes were "splashed."

Father O'Callahan still fought the fires, indefatigable after ten hours of it. The heat was so intense that, in spots, the steel itself seemed to be blazing. But the padre walked through smoke and fire with his hose, emerging unscathed. Men began to believe that if you were with him you were safe. They crowded around him saying, "What next, Padre?"

Now and then he would point to the bridge. The bulky figure of Gehres leaned over the rail. When the wind blew the smoke away you could see him, and Father O'Callahan would cry out, "Look at the Old Man up there! He doesn't look worried, does he? Don't let him down!"

After dark Gehres received a report that Japs were approaching in large numbers. He grinned. He felt by now that his ship was indestructible. As Commander Taylor put it, "a ship that won't be sunk, can't be sunk." He was right. "Jap planes had been given the position we'd been at six hours before," Gehres explains. "But we had been towed 40 miles since then. They went to that position, dropped flares, didn't see us--and returned home."

The night wore on, and Gehres breather easier. He lighted a cigarette and inhaled deeply. "Watch that butt, Captain. It's 'darkened ship'" a respectful voice said.

Gehres tossed the cigarette overboard automatically and then looked to see who had the temerity to reprimand the skipper. It was Wally "I'm-a-Marine" Klimciewicz. Gehres smiled. This is a good crew, he thought, a great gang to have along when you're in trouble. He tried not to think of the dead.

The engineers below decks had stuck by their stations, although many had dropped unconscious in the 130-degree heat. By midmorning they managed to turn over the engines, and Gehres could throw off the tow.

Men on ships all around the Big Ben--as her crew affectionately call her--yelled when they saw the battered giant moving along under her own power, her flag snapping from her mast. They'd seen this ship blazing from dozens of fires. They'd expected her to take the final plunge any minute, yet here she was, a bit lopsided, smoke still coming from her hangar deck and through 20 jagged holes in her flight deck--but moving. She was alive.

There had been more than 3000 men aboard the Franklin the morning of March 19. Now 1496 were dead or wounded or missing--the most tragic casualty list ever sustained by a U. S. Navy ship. Since the "unnecessary personnel" had also been removed, just 704 officers and men brought the Big Ben to Pearl Harbor. Today each man has a card of membership in the "704 Club," organized by Father O'Callahan--the most exclusive club in the world, whose members brushed elbows with death and shoved death aside.

At Pearl Harbor every admiral in Hawaii waited at the dock to pay his respects to the Franklin, every ship in the harbor saluted her. Men looked unbelievingly at the huge holes in her. Thirty Waves had volunteered to sing the welcome song

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of the islands--"Aloha"--and their clear voices rang out in the plaintive strains of the traditional Hawaiian song.

The Franklin slid to the dock. The crew was drawn up smartly on deck. Yes--even the 270 slightly wounded. The girls looked...they faltered...they broke down, and their song died. No one could look at this stricken ship without breaking down. No one but her own crew.

It was Father O'Callahan who started it, and the whole crew took it up. Up on the bridge Gehres nudged Joe Taylor and grinned as these men who had returned from death sang lustily:

"The Old Big Ben, she ain't what she used to be, Ain't what she used to be..."

THE GRAND OLD MAN OF LABOR 1/

Samuel Gompers

He heard the cry first in the street where he lived on the East end of London, and for the rest of his life the cry kept ringing in his ears. He was a small boy then with his nose flat against the window-pane. The tramping on the cobbles outside drew him often to the window, and he watched the men, the fathers and older brothers of his playmates, moving aimlessly about. They gathered in groups; they drifted apart and together again, like scraps of rubbish blown about in the back yard. And the cry of one of them penetrated the shut window and lodged in his brain: --

"I've no work to do. My wife, my kids want bread, and I've no work to do."

When Sam was a grown-up of ten, his father took him out of the free school for Jewish boys, and apprenticed him to a shoemaker. His father himself was by trade a cigarmaker. Often after supper he rose from the table saying he was off to a meeting of the Cigarmaker's Society.

"I would rather be a cigarmaker," remarked Sam, the shoemaker of eight weeks standing.

"And why?" asked father Gompers.

"Because shoemakers have no society," replied Sam.

With that, the Society of Cigarmakers enrolled a new apprentice boy. Sam took his place at a long worktable. In the daily company of men his raw, open mind was molded as tightly as the rich brown velvety leaves of tobacco molded between his fingers. They talked of hard times, of wages and starvation in England. Some spoke of a land to the west, where wages were higher:--Yet even there a civil war had broken out over the freedom of workers. The English factory owners, Sam heard, were on the side of the South; but the working class was with

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1/ Joseph Cottler, Champions of Democracy, pp. 207-231; Little, Brown, and Company, Boston, 1942.

Lincoln. In the whole world, Abraham Lincoln had no more loyal admirer than the thirteen-year-old boy Sam Gompers. When his father, one day, announced gloomily that to save themselves from starvation they would have to leave England for America, Sam thrillingly thought that he would be closer to Abraham Lincoln. His father, who once before had been driven to break the ties of family and friends by emigrating from Amsterdam to London, was in despair.

Between the East end of London and the East Side of New York there was only a step: the struggle to pay the landlord and the grocer was unchanged. The one difference for Sam lay in the many and different races of people he accosted this side of Castle Garden. His new fellow countrymen greeted him in a score of tongues. The shop where he found work was manned mostly by Germans. But at the Cooper Institute where he attended lectures and night school, his American friends were also Irish, Bohemian, Russian, Swedish.

Most of his education came to him with his wages; the shop was his university. He grew to manhood in an atmosphere choked and blended with tobacco dust. All day long he took the soft leaves stripped off their stems, one by one off the pile. He examined the leaf, and shaved off the frayed edge to a hair's breadth. Then he wrapped it around the sausage of tobacco, deftly knitting the holes in the leaf and shaping the cigar.

He enjoyed the work because, once his fingers had become expert, his mind was left free. Cigarmakers could cultivate one another's society during working hours.

They talked of themselves, of their lot as workers and citizens--Sam now a voter. At such times a mood of despair prevailed, because the days of the cigar-makers seemed numbered. From every quarter they discerned threats to their existence. A tool had been invented for molding cigars, and the craftsmen saw in it a portent of the time when their skill would be thrown into the discard.

"Either we destroy the machine, or it will destroy us," believed some of Samuel Gompers' shopmates.

"But to destroy the machine is to stop the wheels of progress," objected Sam.

Then the "sweatshop" menaced them. Some merchants had bought up a block of tenements. There they installed families of immigrants whom they put to work making cigars. The immigrant family paid rent to the merchant, was forced to buy their raw tobacco and tools from him, their food even. The cigar merchant paid little for his labor, had no rent to pay for a factory, and made profit on the sale of provisions. Naturally he was able to sell his cigars at astoundingly low prices. But at whose expense? Samuel Gompers visited "sweatshops." He found that merely to keep alive, every member of the "sweatshop" family had to work early and late, seven days a week. The low price of the "sweatshop" cigar dragged down the price of the factory cigar, and that in turn beat down the wages of all craftsmen like Samuel Gompers. They found themselves unable any longer to provide their families with decent food or living quarters. The cigar smoker was content, the cigar manufacturer also, but the worker was desperate.

"Sweatshops are degrading," Sam and his friends agreed bitterly.

Then in 1873 another depression paralyzed the industry of the country. Through the blizzards of the winter Samuel Gompers saw the lines of men outside the free-soup kitchens in every ward. What knew those bewildered, suffering men of stock-market deflation or bank credits? They knew only that they begged for work and were turned away, that their families were hungry.

Again the cry rang in the ears of Samuel Gompers: --

"I've no work to do. My wife, my kids want bread, and I've no work to do."

Was there no answer to this cry? Some of his friends had panaceas for poverty.

"The government should print some paper money," they said. "Then money will be so plentiful that we can all have some."

"Reduce the hours of work," others said. They put their idea into the slogan: "Eight hours for work. Eight hours for rest. Eight hours for what we will."

"If the government owned all industries," contended others, "the workers would be well off."

Samuel Gompers shook his head. He knew of no cure-all for the ills of the workingman. He knew only his distress. And he pitied him and stood ready to risk his own welfare to help him. Sam Gompers' shopmates often told what he once risked for "Conchy."

"Conchy," as he was nicknamed, was a middle-aged sick man with very weak eyes. Sam Gompers and he worked at a bench near the windows of the dim factory. One morning when Sam came to work, he found Conchy sitting at a bench in the dimmest part of the factory.

Sam went to him. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"They put me back here and gave that new young fellow my seat near the window," Conchy said plaintively.

"What for?"

"Well, they just put him there, that's all. I don't know why."

Sam went back to his seat and sent a callboy to Mr. Smith, the new foreman. The boy came back with word that Mr. Smith was busy.

"Tell him please it's important," insisted Sam.

Mr. Smith arrived. "Well, what do you want?" he demanded.

"Why did you put Conchy away back in the dark and the young fellow down here in the light?" asked Sam.

With an oath the foreman rapped: "None of your business."

Conchy was an old employee, Sam pointed out; his sight had failed in the work. The young fellow --

"That's my business," said the foreman.

"You mean to say you're going to let the young fellow keep Conchy's seat?"

"Yes, I am. What are you going to do about it?"

Sam rose. He gathered up his tools. "Not much," he said, "except that he can have this seat, too."

There was a second of silence. Then a voice broke out -- "Yes, and he can have this seat, too."

Another man rose: "And this seat."

Fifty men pushed back their chairs: "And this seat."

The men had struck.

Five minutes later the strike was settled. The factory was working as usual, with Conchy back in his old seat.

"If we always acted together," Sam Gompers told his shopmates, "we should never be either standing in free-soup lines, or working twelve hours every day."

That was his answer to the cry in the streets, the cry he could never forget since his childhood in London when he preferred the trade of cigar-making to shoe-making because cigarmakers had a "Society."

"Let us act together," was not a new appeal in America, even among working-men. For almost fifty years before Samuel Gompers came to work in America, workers had sometimes united to parade their grievances. In such unions the shoemakers and printers protested against low wages, the hatters and other factory hands against their fourteen hours of daily toil. The bricklayers, the plasterers, the plumbers--good men of toil--organized societies. Intelligent workers realized that if ever they were to rise out of the cellars in the slums

where so many of them lived, they would have to stand united. But these unions were temporary. When indignation welled up in a trade, the workers rushed together; when their indignation was appeased or routed, they drifted apart.

"What labor needs," said Sam and his friends, speaking of the sweatshops and soup kitchens, "what labor needs is permanent strong unions."

The cigarmakers' local union, to which Sam had belonged since the age of fourteen, was a crude club and yet as good as any of that time. It maintained little order or discipline among its members. Any day in any shop, a worker might suddenly throw down his tools and remark angrily: "I am going on strike." If enough of his friends followed him, perhaps there was a strike. But few strikes begun like that ended successfully for the workers. There was even, in New York City, a council of all crafts, called the Workingmen's Association. Perhaps its most notable act was to give Samuel Gompers the opportunity of making his first public speech. It happened in a mass meeting that the twenty-four-old cigarmaker rose to stammer out his feelings against sweatshops. When he sat down, one of the labor officials--a German--said kindly to him: "That was all right, Sam. You will yet a good speaker be."

Sam had made a start. As he saw it, industry was a jungle infested by beasts of prey in the shape of low wages and long hours, and withstanding them timidly the patchwork of labor groups. To civilize the jungle, the labor patchwork would have to be knit together more solidly. Only then could the worker win a seat alongside his employer, and together lay down plans for their common welfare.

To begin with, thought Sam, there were too many small unions of cigarmakers. They must give way to one big union. Its constitution would resemble the charter of an American city divided into wards over which sat a council. The shops were wards which elected delegates to the Union Council. And in all disputes with

employers over the conditions of work, the Council would govern . . . .

"That's the kind of union I should like to see," said Sam.

So began Cigarmakers' Local Number 144. Its president, Samuel Gompers, remarked that it was democratic in form, and strongly knit because every member, no matter where he worked, committed himself to help every other member in debates with his employer over wages and working conditions. To their delight, the cigar workers early began to reap the benefits of their union in Local Number 144, and the name Samuel Gompers became popular among the working class throughout New York City.

Samuel Gompers was learning how to make social change in a democracy. Though young, he knew already how to organize for the protection of workers. He was satisfied with labor unions in his own city. Now he turned his attention to the labor union of the whole country.

He talked about it with men of various trades. Many an evening, after the day's work, he sat down at a table in some public place to discuss his pet hope--the Federation of American Labor. His boon companions were printer, carpenters, tailors, stonecutters--any workers who belonged to the union of their trade. Employers were wise, Sam felt; throughout the nation they were banding together. In a few trades, the employees were doing the same thing. All the local unions of cigarmakers, for instance, had affiliated as the International Cigarmakers; likewise the printers. On special occasions a national union held a convention where a few delegates met, passed some resolutions, and went home. That was fine, agreed Sam; he would like to see those national unions stronger. But they treated of matters in their own trade. They were like State Legislatures. Now just as all the states were federated, as the United States of America, all trade-unions of the country ought likewise to federate. Such was his plan for the welfare of the American worker.

But, some people objected, the American worker already had a national union of all trades: the Knights of Labor. In December of 1869, nine tailors of Philadelphia had started the Knights of Labor, a union of workers of every kind in the country. Their purpose was to improve the lot of the American worker. The Knights of Labor were growing. Was not that the answer to Sam Gompers' hope?

No, said Sam. The purpose of the Knights of Labor was good, but they would never achieve it by their method. Take, for instance . . .

By two o'clock in the morning, Sam usually convinced or wore out his opponents.

For almost ten years Samuel Gompers preached his favorite sermon: the Federation of American Labor. As the father of a big family, he could ill afford to travel, yet he went out to distant conventions of labor unions to deliver his sermon. Whenever he felt discouraged, he thought of his fellow workers living in slums, of pale and weary children in factories, of mayhem and death coming to factory hands with no compensation to their stricken families. There was his inspiration, and he came to be known as the spokesman for the workers of America.

At last, in December of 1886, came the moment Sam Gompers had worked for. In Columbus, Ohio, the American Federation of Labor, the union of all labor unions, was organized. In its constitution it was modeled after the United States of America. But just as the States in 1787 did not yield much power to the Federal Government, so the labor unions did not yield much power to their Federation. Weak as it was, however, it was the realization of Sam Gompers' dream. If its president were skillful and devoted, it would grow.

No one wanted the presidency of the new American Federation of Labor, for the office paid a salary of only one thousand dollars a year. One could hardly support a family on that. Samuel Gompers, father of the Federation, was first nominated.

He declined. But when the subsequent nominees also declined, he stepped forward for another sacrifice in behalf of the working class of his country.

Shortly after, John Doe read "in the papers" of the American Federation of Labor, and saw the picture of its president: a short, stocky individual, with black hair and dark snapping eyes. It was a picture John Doe was to see often in the years to come.

For forty years Samuel Gompers stood as on a platform, gavel in hand, his dark eyes snapping and his voice raised to implant his ideas for the worker's welfare in the conscience of his country. Led by him, the trade-unions flourished. He himself came to be regarded as one of the leaders of America. To many his life was like a fairy tale. "Once there was a little cigarmaker" --so the story might begin--"and he looked about him and saw Evil Things crushing the Man in Overalls. So the little cigarmaker fashioned a weapon called Trade-Unionism, and went forth to do battle with the Labor Evils in the shape of Long Hours and Low Wages. . . ." The romance told of young Samuel Gompers in his office furnished with empty grocers' boxes. That was long ago, in the days when he was little known. But in the ripeness of time, he became a mighty champion, and a power in the land to be feared and loved. Then his office contained desks and secretaries in the elegant American Federation of Labor building, within walking distance of the White House. The dwellers in the White House often called for the advice of Mr. Gompers. The little cigarmaker was not abashed, not even when he was guest to the King of Great Britain, whose ragged subject he once was. He was not abashed because he, too, represented a mighty power, Labor. He had taught Labor the value of acting through union. He had shown Capital the necessity of deliberating with Labor on their common welfare.

In the fall of 1924, the American Federation of Labor was holding its annual convention at El Paso. Its founder, "the Grand Old Man of Labor," still sat in

the presidential chair. This was fated to be the last time he would face his flock. But he did not know that. In Juarez across the Rio Grande, another mighty organization of workers, the Mexican Federation of Labor, had also convened, and to the lips of their speakers one word, a name came often. It fell on the air with the hush of a sacred word, and then the air blazed with a "Viva!" The word was Gompers. The Grand Old Man did not know that. But one day one thousand men marched across the International Bridge and into the hall where he sat, gavel in hand. He had dreamed of this moment, when the foreign workers would sit in common council with the American. His other dream, of workers sharing in the councils of their employers and of the Government--that had already come true. Now this. His mission in life, he felt, was fulfilled; he was ready to die, and no regret.

Catching sight of the old man on the platform, the Mexicans, some of them barefooted, burst into wild applause. They cheered him, they sang to him; a few of them fell on their knees before him, blessing him for what he had done to free them from peonage.

The program of the convention called for the election of a president. Now, except for one year, Samuel Gompers had been re-elected every year for forty years. Times had changed, however. Many delegates disagreed with the old man's policies. They felt that younger labor leaders, new ideas, should prevail.

The old man looked worn out. His days were numbered. . . . A delegate rose and nominated Samuel Gompers for president, and the motion was seconded. Not a delegate present but felt that whatever his disagreement with the old man, he owed him every homage in his final hours. For the cause of labor alone, the Grand Old Man had consecrated his life. More than any other man in the country, it was he who had given Labor a voice. And that voice he had trained until it was heard with respect throughout the world, for it spoke in the interests of the workers. . . .

So Samuel Gompers was elected unanimously. The Grand Old Man was chief to the last.

IGOR I. SIKORSKY 1/

His Dreams of Plane Building Came True

The stocky young man with the sad, hazel-colored eyes stood at the rail of a London-bound steamer as it moved out of the Ruasian Arctic port of Murmansk. It might well be the last hazy glimpse he ever would have of his native shore. For this was March, 1918, and the Russian Revolution was sweeping like a blazing firebrand across the domain of the czars.

Already adherents of the old regime were going down like chaff before the machine guns of the Revolutionists. Money, property, personal possessions, even life itself was not secure in the terrible upheaval that spelled the doom of the old order in Russia.

Definitely not in sympathy with the radical revolution, this man wanted to continue his work in aviation; and in particular to give the Allies, still at war, the benefit of his experience in the design of large aircraft.

As the last faint outline of his beloved homeland disappeared in the morning mist, he turned and walked toward his quarters. He had a definite feeling of loss.

The loss was not, however, entirely on the side of the depressed passenger. Russia was the poorer because of this man's flight to a freer world. For the cheerless young emigrant was none other than Igor Ivan Sikorsky, at thirty already a famed designer of aircraft and destined to become one of the leading aeronautical engineers of America.

Igor Sikorsky was born in Kiev, Russia, a center of culture situated on the banks of the Dneiper River. His birth date was May 25, 1889.

He was the youngest of five children; and his father, Professor Ivan A. Sikorsky, taught psychology in the St. Vladimir University in Kiev. The professor

1/ Joseph A. Moore, Famous Leaders of Industry;pp. 267-277; L. C. Page and Company, Boston, 1945.

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was widely known as a specialist in mental diseases. He often talked with young Igor of scientific things, and the future aviation expert always credited his interest in science to these early conversations.

From his mother, too, the alert Russian lad gained inspiration. Best of all he liked the story she told him of Leonardo da Vinci, the fifteenth-century Italian artist who tried to build a flying machine.

One day when he was twelve years of age, young Igor, out of breath, came running to his mother.

"Come quickly, look!" he shouted. "I've done it!"

His mother hastened into the yard, and he showed her an odd contraption wound with rubber bands. Giving it a push, he released it into the air. With its queer little horizontal propeller revolving steadily, the toy rose slowly.

It was a play helicopter, the first in the series of airplane experiments that would lead, in a future year and a distant land, to the creation of the majestic flying machines of today.

Some of Igor's experiments were still more exciting. For a time the amazing lad turned to chemistry and experimented with homemade bombs, to the alarm and discomfiture of neighbors. But the aviator-to-be came through these boyhood adventures without bodily harm, and in 1903, when he was fourteen, he entered the Naval Academy at St. Petersburg.

He might have become a sailor, but in the back of his mind airplanes zoomed and glided. He dreamed sometimes of single-seater craft. At other times great flying transports loomed on his vision like invaders from a strange planet. After three years he resigned from the Naval Academy, fully determined to study engineering.

It was a time of political upheaval in Russia, so for a while young Sikorsky studied in Paris. But in 1907, things being quieter at home, he returned to enroll

at the Polytechnic Institute in Kiev.

All this while the spark of aeronautical genius lay glowing in the brain of the professor's young son. Not much would be necessary to fan this spark into a flame, and the needed stimulus was not long in arriving.

Blazoned across the headlines of the world's newspapers in the summer of 1908 came news of deeds of the famed Wright brothers, news which competed even in Europe with breath-taking tales of dirigible flights by the German airman, Count Zeppelin.

Thereafter the bookshops held all too little aviation and engineering literature for Igor. He read, tinkered, experimented, and dreamed--always of aircraft. Out of all this came the determination to build a real helicopter.

One day his elder sister Olga said to him, "Brother, you are bound, one can see, to construct a machine that will fly."

"Yes, Olga," he replied, quite seriously. "One day I'll take you for a ride over the rooftops of Kiev."

"But you'll need money to continue your experiments."

"Of course," he agreed slowly. He keenly felt the lack of money. Where was he to get enough to carry on his important work?

He was not prepared for her next words.

"I'll lend you the money, Igor. And some day you will really fly!"

With the money his loyal sister presented, Igor decided to go to Paris, then the center of the aviation world.

Professor Sikorsky's neighbors warned the family against letting a nineteen-year-old boy go off alone to the gay city. He would not be able to resist the temptations of good times in the French capital, they said. And to study airplanes, of all things; well, all the madmen were not locked in the crazy houses!

But the soft-spoken young fellow did not waste his Paris hours in frivolity. He returned home not only with more knowlege of aeronautics, but with an engine and materials for building a flying machine, a helicopter.

Despite his most earnest efforts, it never left the ground. His second helicopter could rise a short distance, but could not lift the weight of a man. Then Sikorsky switched to building a regular airplane, the S-1. This was the first in the long series of "S" (Sikorsky) planes that he has since constructed. The first S-1 did not fly, either.

"The Sikorsky boy really is crazy!" muttered the skeptical neighbors. "He'll never make a machine that will get into the air."

Igor had a different opinion, although he faced many complications. Two years fled by, available money was dwindling, and still a Sikorsky plane had not left the ground. Worse still, it became clear that Igor could not keep up his studies at the Polytechnic Institute and continue his experiments at the same time. Which course to choose was one of the difficult decisions he had to make.

He made it, however. "I want to build airplanes," he told himself. "If I take my degree at the Institute, I may never get back to my experiments. Some one will build planes ahead of me."

Just then, in 1910, he had completed the S-2, and on a historic, cloud-flecked June day, the plane ascended and stayed up twelve seconds. Through the next fall and winter the builder assembled the S-3, which flew a total of seven minutes in short hops; the S-4, and the S-5.

By now he was fully assured that aviation should be his life work. With the approval of his father, who steadfastly held faith in Igor's work, the studies at the Institute were abandoned.

In the fall of 1911 occurred one of those happy accidents that stimulate the progress of science.

Sikorsky had taken part in army maneuvers thirty-five miles from Kiev, reaching the field by making his first cross-country flying trip. Later he began an exhibition flight at a near-by field.

Suddenly, at a low altitude his motor stopped, and the young inventor faced a possible bad crack-up. By quick maneuvering, however, he was able to land unhurt in a railroad yard, though not without damage to his ship.

Examining his plane there beside a pile of railroad ties, he found that a mosquito, getting into the gasoline tank, had been drawn into the carburetor, blocking the flow of the necessary fluid.

"Some day," muttered the disgusted aeronaut, "I'll build a plane with an extra motor to fall back on in such an event."

That hoped-for day was not far off. In May, 1913, at the army airport of St. Petersburg, a great crowd of watchers saw Mr. Sikorsky's 9,000-pound, four-motored cabin plane, the "Grand" (meaning "large") rise majestically from the soggy runway. Like a giant bird out of prehistoric days it climbed steadily and easily with its builder, a co-pilot, and a mechanic as riders. Serenely and proudly at sixty miles an hour flew the huge craft. When it landed the vast crowd shook the airfield with roars of approval.

Later, Czar Nicholas II inspected the "Grand" and presented its builder with a gold watch decorated with the imperial eagle. Mr. Sikorsky still treasures this gift and wears it on special occasions.

Meanwhile, black clouds of war centered over Europe. In July, 1914, lightning went crashing through these clouds, and the blasting horror of World War I swept over humanity.

Igor Sikorsky immediately put his skill as a designer at the service of his government. Presently bomber types of his renowned four-motored craft soared over the fighting fronts, performing in a sensational manner against the cream of

the German air force. The former naval cadet became a wealthy man.

History was not done, however, with its interference in Sikorsky's private life.

"I have had many reversals of fortune," he says quietly, "and seldom has one warned me of its coming."

Definitely at this moment history again was about to step into his career with little advance notice.

Early in 1917 a general strike and a mutiny of soldiers in St. Petersburg ushered in an open revolution, and on March 15, Sikorsky's friend, Czar Nicholas, abdicated his throne.

A year later, on March 3, 1918, Russia signed a peace with Germany. The revolutionary government took over industrial plants and much private real estate. In real estate and government bonds Sikorsky lost a $500,000 fortune.

Regretfully and sadly the great plane designer realized that he must leave the country. With only about fifteen hundred dollars left of his large earnings, he sailed from Murmansk a few months before the Czar and his entire family were put to death. Sikorsky, a sympathizer of Nicholas II, might have shared their unhappy fate had he remained.

To London and then to Paris he made his way, hoping in the latter city to build planes for the still fighting Allies. But a few months after his arrival came the armistice.

Airplane production almost ceased and he was left unemployed.

He now made the great decision of his life. He bought an Atlantic steamer ticket, went aboard, and on March 30, 1919, stepped off the boat at New York. His purse held six hundred dollars, his volcabulary not one word of English.

At first, things went hard for Sikorsky in the land of his idols, Thomas Edison, Henry Ford, and the Wright brothers. He loved the speed and energy of

his new home, but he could not get a job in aviation. Lower went his supply of cash, simpler became his daily fare. At the last moment he secured employment lecturing to Russian immigrants on aviation and astronomy.

"It was not easy work," says the designer, recalling his early days in the great metropolis, "but it carried me through the dark, difficult days until I could get back into flying."

He never ceased thinking and talking about aviation. He must have been a convincing pleader for the cause, because Russian friends loaned him their meager savings. With only a few hundred dollars, he founded the Sikorsky Aero Engineering Corporation. This was in 1923.

On a Long Island farm, without even a hangar for protection from the weather, he and his men turned a pathetic collection of secondhand parts, salvaged from a junk yard, into the S-29A. The letter "A" stood for "American."

Then, on its first test flight, the plane wrecked!

Undaunted, the immigrant aeronaut set out to repair it. When the job was nearly finished, a lack of motors stalled the project. Pleading persuasively, he raised the necessary $2500 from his loyal backers.

Presently the rebuilt S-29 took off successfully from Roosevelt Field. It was one of the first American twin-engined airplanes able to stay aloft on one engine.

This S-29 made many successful cargo flights and advanced our commercial aviation considerably. Later it was sold to another owner and finally found its way into the movie lots at Hollywood, where it was reported destroyed in the filming of "Hell's Angels."

Winning new backing after his success, Mr. Sikorsky in 1925 organized the Sikorsky Manufacturing Corporation. A few years later he began to work on what was a new departure for him, an amphibian plane. This was the S-38, a twin-engined

ten-seater which proved exceedingly popular. The U. S. Navy bought two of these transports and Pan-American airways took a few. Soon the S-38 was winging its way over the air routes of North and South America.

Shortly afterward, in 1928, the corporation was reorganized as the Sikorsky Aviation Corporation. A year later the entire stock went to the United Aircraft Corporation. The company is now known as the Sikorsky Aircraft Division of United Aircraft Corporation. The factories are situated in Bridgeport, Connecticut.

When first did the de luxe airplane enter the mind of Mr. Sikorsky? In reply, he likes to tell of a dream he had in his childhood.

"When I was about eleven years old," he says, "I used to dream about a great and beautiful ship flying through the sky. I could see it so clearly, with its various compartments and its comfortable furniture. I dreamed back there in 1900 that I was in a giant flying transport."

The sequel to his strange, prophetic dream came in 1931. For in that year the Sikorsky Aircraft plant built for Pan-American Airways the four-engined, seventeen-ton S-40, the "American Clipper." It was the pioneer of the monster amphibian flying clippers that were to span first the western hemisphere and then both great oceans of the world.

It was christened at Washington by Mrs. Hoover, wife of the President of the United States, in the fall of 1931. Six years later the improved S-42 negotiated both the Atlantic and Pacific Ocean crossings.

Shortly before World War II a still more advanced design of a flying boat, the S-44, was built and delivered to the American Export Airlines. Recently one of these ships established a record for commercial ships by flying nonstop from New York to Ireland in fifteen hours and fifty-one minutes, carrying a full load of passengers, mail, and cargo.

Igor Sikorsky's latest sensational development in the field of aerial

transportation is the helicopter. This "air flivver," with its horizontal propeller above the fuselage and looking like a giant bug, may revolutionize postwar travel for the common man.

Ascending straight up and capable of landing in any reasonably sized back yard, the helicopter can speed at a hundred miles an hour and can travel about eight to ten miles on a gallon of gas. It can hover motionless in the air, go forward, backward, or sideways. In World War II the Army made use of helicopters for secret purposes.

Postwar planners already are visualizing helicopter landing fields and garages atop skyscrapers in most of the chief cities.

The celebrated plane builder, now engineering manager of the Sikorsky Aircraft, spends most of his time at work, but manages also to enjoy his home. His first wife, whom he married before leaving Russia, died some years ago. In 1924 he married Elizabeth Semion, also a Russian, whom he met while lecturing in his early days in New York. She was a teacher at the Russian People's Home in that city. There is a daughter by the first marriage, and there are four sons by the second. Mr. Sikorsky became a naturalized citizen of the United States in 1928.

He has a handsome white colonial house in Long Hill, Connecticut, and a smaller dwelling at Litchfield, in the same state. His library is filled with scientific, philosophical, and religious books.

The quiet, courteous industrial leader likes to play good phonograph records and to plow in his garden with a tractor. A deeply religious man, Mr. Sikorsky enjoys long, lonely walks in the fields and woods where he can feel close to God and nature.

In June, 1944, Northeastern University at Boston awarded Mr. Sikorsky the honorary degree of Doctor of Science for his "distinguished and remarkable achievements as a pioneer in the design, development, and construction of the airplane,

both in this and other nations," and for his "notable service to the war effort as the Engineering Manager of the United Aircraft Corporation."

It was a long trail and not an easy one for the determined Russian youngster who at twelve began his aeronautical experiments with a toy helicopter.

Today, at fifty-six, Igor Sikorsky has the immense satisfaction of knowing that he played an all-important role in the growth of his beloved machines, the airplane and the helicopter; that for some years to come he probably will continue to do so; and that anyone wishing to know the history of aeronautics must also study the career of Igor Ivan Sikorsky, the tinkering youth from Kiev, Russia.

VOICE OF FREEDOM[1]

Paul Robeson was born during the Spanish-American War, on April 9, 1898, and grew up in the booster period of American history. We were just starting our fling at imperialism, piously boasting the manifest destiny of America to guide and exploit our little brown brothers and "backward peoples" wherever we found them. Success was becoming America's god; success that was counted chiefly in dollars and had no relation to either merit or enjoyment. "Get rich quick" was a national slogan; "get away with anything you can get away with." Worth and taste were not so much scorned as simply ignored. The idol of millions of Americans was the super-successful magnate who soared to riches and power, and had no idea how to use hiw power or enjoy his wealth.

This was the America Paul Robeson was born to. He has won many of its highest prizes: a glamorous record in sport and scholarship that stands at the top to this day; world-wide fame on the platform and in the theater; success even with the American god of money, for his annual income has exceeded one hundred thousand dollars for many years, and his total earnings are far past the million mark. But he has never bowed to success nor allowed externals to take the place of joy and the good life.

Paul's father was a hard-working, tough-minded preacher. He had been born a slave on the Robeson plantation in North Carolina. In 1860, as a boy of fifteen, he escaped, followed a winding path north on the Underground Railway, and worked his way through Lincoln University which had been established just outside Philadelphia for the education of "free persons of color".

His mother, a tall slender woman of strikingly Indian type, with straight black hair and reddish brown skin, was Bustill. Her interesting family traced

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1/ Edwin R. Embree, 13 Against The Odds, pp. 243-261, The Viking Press, New York, 1944.

Notes to Chapter

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its ancestry back to 1608, through a labyrinth of Quakers, Indians, and Negroes high in American annals: painters, fighters, preachers, teachers, and sea captains.

The youngest of eight children, Paul was born in Princeton, New Jersey, where his father had preached to a little colored congregation for twenty-two years. When Paul was six, his mother, then a partially blind invalid, was tragically killed in the flames of her own dress lighted by a coal dropped from the kitchen stove. As the other children had grown and gone away, Paul lived on during his school days alone with his father who soon moved his church work to Westfield and finally to Somerville, a thriving little town in northern New Jersey.

The father was a patriarch among the small number of Negroes then in New Jersey. He was fifty-three years old when Paul was born. He was almost the only one of his group who had any formal education. He had worked his way up from slavery, through thrilling escapes, and struggle and study, to a place of eminence and respect. His goal was perfection.

There was solid love and companionship between the boy and the patriarch, and Paul came as near to meeting the high standards as anyone--except his father--could ask. School reports showed almost a constant stream of A's. An occasional B brought not so much reproof as hurt and disappointment. And when the final year's average in High School showed the amazing percentage of 97, the father sighed for the three points that might have made it 100. The young man seems not to have resented but to have shared his father's wish for perfection. While he was in school he and the old man used to work out together the problems in arithemetic, the best English to use in translating Caesar's history and Cicero's orations. Even in college the visits home were full of long hours of close friendly talk

about studies and sports, about the wonders of God and the strange ways of men.

The high school years in Somerville were happy and healthy. The handsome Negro boy was not only far and away at the top of his class; he was champion in sports as well. And he was as popular as he was talented. Chum of his schoolmates, he was as welcome in white homes as among the few Negroes of this northern village. He sang in the choir of his father's church and in any party his white cronies made up. This easy acceptance throughout his home town together with his father's constant stimulus were the early influences that molded Paul Robeson's character. All through his life he has taken his place easily and naturally, and has abundantly enjoyed his many friends. But memories of the old man's solid worth and his grief at Paul's failure to score 100 have kept him modest and steadily marching under the banner of "Excelsior."

Robeson was the third Negro to be admitted to Rutgers. His record was brilliant from the start, in popularity as well as in achievement. When his father dies, toward the end of his course, Paul returned for his senior year seemingly bent on topping the ideal he and the sturdy old ex-slve had so earnestly plotted. When he was graduated in 1919 he had won his Phi Beta Kappa key, had been selected by Walter Camp as end on his All-American football team, had won his R in four different sports--a total of twelve athletic letters during his college career--had delivered the commencement oration, and had been elected to Cap and Skull, the senior society made up of the four men who most fully represented the ideals of Rutgers.

After college he entered the Columbia Law School and settled down in Harlem. These years were a turning point. It is easy for a chap who has been a student hero to ride along on his name and then to turn sour as his popularity wanes. It is apt to be a miserable business as a glamour boy begins to realize that he has to win his spurs all over again in a tough and tedious adult career that is not

likely ever to get the applause of his younger triumphs.

Few men of any race had Robeson's popularity as he came out of college. For four years the papers of the whole country had blazoned his pictures and his name. His engaging boyish personality had endeared him to a public that had gone mad over his miracles in football against the background of equally brilliant scholarships and public speaking. When he came to Harlem he was the idol of the town. His easy good nature did away with any need for awe, and he was "Paul" or "Robey" to everyone. He sang and danced and played, the central figure of every party. Boys shouted as he walked down the street. Girls fought for his smile. Gangsters and number kings saluted his prowess and his luck. Business men bowed before him.

Two things saved him from becoming a spoiled hero and maybe a sour failure. First, his modesty and sense of humor which made him see, even if his worshipers didn't, how slight a boyhood success is. Second, he met and married Essie Goode.

His wife at once became as sound an influence in his life as his father had been during his boyhood. Eslanda Cardoza Goode is a personality in many ways as interesting as her famous husband. Her mother had been a Cardoza of Charleston. And the Cardozas, both white and colored, were high in South Carolina and Washington society. If anything, the colored members were even prouder than the white branch of the family, which, among many notables, produced a recent Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

One of the charming, light-skinned daughters of the Cardozas married a black nobody from Chicago, and from this union Eslanda was born. As she grew up with her mother's family in Washington--her father died when she was a child--she resented the snobbery of her relatives. She resolved to top their social pretensions by amounting to more than any of them. She entered the University of Illinois

and majored in chemistry. Coming back to New York, she took her degree at Columbia University, studied medical chemistry for two years, and was appointed clinical pathologist at the Presbyterian Hospital of the Columbia Medical Center--an appointment rare enough for a Negro, and unheard of for a Negro woman.

It was as she was completing her medical study that she met Paul. Like every other girl she fell head over heels in love with the "huge handsome hero with the low rolling voice that tingled and tore the very soles off your feet." But Essie Goode wasn't just another lovesick girl bowled over by a football star. She was one of the girls who had won a high place outside the Harlem orbit of song and dance and drama. And she saw in Paul much more than a big, beautiful bruiser. It is no slight on her maiden modesty to suppose that she went about getting him with the same sound sense that she used in getting her degrees and her jobs. And Paul soon saw in her not only an adorable yellow gal but that same tough and solid worth that he had worshiped in his father.

They were married August 17, 1921, while Paul was just entering his second year of law school. They took a little room in Harlem, near Columbia, and supported themselves from her earnings at the hospital and from such odd jobs as he could get. He played some professional football, although he hate to commercialize what had been to him a fine, clean sport.

As the months went on it was clear to Essie that Paul would be wasted in law. He was doing all right in his classes but with none of the brilliance and zest he had shown in college. Haggling over property titles or steering people through the toils of the law courts could never stir this man's enthusiasm. And his keen-eyed bride quickly learned than "unless he was wild about something he wasn't any good at it at all." She wanted him to become an actor, but he just laughed--that easygoing, lazy laugh.

But every evening, as he came home from law school, Essie was standing in front of the Y building which was right next door to their little apartment, and she dragged him in to rehearse. And when the play was given, Essie wheedled Jimmy Light and some of the other members of the Provincetown Players into going to see it. Later she got him to do a bit in a melodrama called Voodoo, which he played first with Margaret Wycherly and later with Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

Pau still feels that his wife made his theatrical career without right or reason. "I was only on the stage a minute or two in Simon the Cyrenian," he says, laughing about it to this day. "I just stumbled along under a cardboard Sunday school cross and spoke one line. In Voodoo I was noticed and praised because of the famous actresses I was playing with, not because my acting was any good. But Essie thought I was some kind of David Garrick or Edwin Booth, and she put it over."

The upshot was that after he was graduated from law school and had served a brief clerkship in a law firm, the Provincetown Players asked him to come down and try some parts in their little theater on MacDougal Street. Almost before he knew what he was in for, he heard audiences wildly cheering his performance of The Emperor Jones and woke up to find himself a full-fledged member of the Provincetown Players.

He was relieved to be out of law. It had always seemed to him dull and dry. He had been called to a prized clerkship in a big New York firm, had drawn up some good briefs, and shown promise of legal ability, if not zest. But he noticed the resentment of some of his fellow-clerks, and even of one of the partners, at the presence of so conspicuous a Negro. He quit the firm. And for a time he began to draw into himself, as so many Negroes learn to do to shield themselves from sudden, unpredictable, unbearable hurts. He slept. He walked the friendly, noisy streets of Harlem. But he did not look for another job. In fact--so far as the records show--he has never looked for a job. He boasts that he is as good

a loafer as any man living.

He has traveled only two of Shakespeare's roads to greatness. He has never achieved greatness. He was born great, and--almost against his easygoing inclination--he has had greatness thrust upon him.

Among the Provincetown Players he found a life he loved. They were just the crowd for him--keen, intelligent, full of zest--natural companions for his rich, bubbling personality. They opened to him the living worlds of art and literature and drama. He became fast friends with Eugene O'Neill, Robert Edmond Jones, Edna St. Vincent Millay, John Reid, Theodore Dreiser. All the people in this yeasty group--actors, authors, directors, scene shifters, friends, were in love with the things the little theatre on MacDougal Street were trying to do. They were revolutionists, on fire with zeal for new forms of artistic expression.

"I've learned since," Robeson says, "that a lot of these people were radicals. But I wasn't interested in politics then, or economic theories; I was just interested in art with a great big A."

There were long talks with O'Neill about the meaning of the plays they were working on, especially about All God's Chillun Got Wings which went into rehearsal, before The Emperor Jones was off the boards. Robeson worshiped O'Neill's genius. And of his friend's talents O'Neill wrote on the flyleaf of a book of his plays: "In gratitude to Paul Robeson, in whose interpretation of Brutus Jones I have found the most complete satisfaction an author can get--that of seeing his creation born into flesh and blood . . . but beyond that, true understanding and racial integrity."

He talked to his friends about Negroes, their struggles and their good times. Black people, he thought, put more into singing and dancing and got more out of all the arts than others because that was their way of releasing their pounded and pent-up feelings. He felt a kind of mission in showing the strength and

sufferings of a Negro in his acting of the characters in O'Neill plays.

"But must Robeson only appear as an actor when O'Neill writes a Negro play?" Laurence Stallings asked in the New York World. "He could do something else for the stage. One wonders if he will play Othello some day with a Desdemona as capable and shy as Miss Cowl might play it, with an Iago as sinister as the memory of John Barrymore's Richard the Third can suggest. . . . After seeing 'All God's Chillun' one can imagine that Shakespeare must have hoped for Robeson."

"My friends said a lot of silly things," Robeson claims. "You know this business of Negro prejudice has two sides. When people hate you they go crazy. But when they like you they sometimes go a little crazy too. In football days I got more praise than any white player. And I was credited with a lot of plays I never made. After every scrimmage, the reporters caught sight of 'that big black bruiser' and at once scribbled down that I had made the tackle when most times I wasn't within six feet of the play. In the same way the critics praised my early acting far beyond its worth. Do you remember the trick dog that was lauded for learning to play the xylophone--not that he played so well but that he could play at all! So it is with many white folks when they first 'discover' a Negro."

There was a good deal of loafing around during the run of any play. And Robeson took things easy, getting up late, and doing what he pleased till theater time. One Sunday his friend, Lawrence Brown, who was then accompanist to Roland Hayes, sat strumming the piano in the Robeson apartment, and he and Paul began to sing. His wife sat enthralled--surprised and stunned.

"All these years," she says, "he had been singing around the house, singing all the time, in the bathtub, late at night after I had gone to bed, sometimes bothering me with his comic ballads when I wanted to study, sometimes peeling the soles off my feet with a low swooping lilt. But it had never struck me before

that he was a great singer."

Once it did strike her she lost no time. Stealing to the telephone, she whispered to the Provincetown crowd that she had just discovered the greatest voice in America. In ten minutes she had the two musicians bundled onto the subway and off to MacDougal Street. Guffaws burst from the happy-go-lucky gang when they were told "the greatest voice in America" belonged to their old friend, Paul Robeson. But after he and Brown had done a few songs, they too realized that they had merely been too close to genius to notice it.

At once everything was set in motion with the old-time MacDougal Street zest. A telephone call showed that the Greenwich Village Theatre was free for a Sunday night just two weeks away. It was at once engaged, with a $100 deposit thrown together none too easily from the change and foldin' money loose in the Village. At once the whole crowd set off on the hurly-burly of getting up the concert. Robeson and Brown were bundled back home to rehearse steadily for the two weeks, under the stern eye of Essie. The directors of the MacDougal Street Theatre began to arrange the settings and lighting. Actors and painters and writers jumped to the job of making posters, getting out circulars, and writing personal letters to their friends, Heywood Broun plugged the papers and wrote wild praise of the "newly discovered voice" in his column in the New York World. Then on the fateful night they all put on their dress suits and ball dresses and came to hail their friend in his new role.

On April 19, 1925, Paul Robeson gave his first concert. Having never sung at a public performance before in his life, he came to the theater to find it packed to standing room, and tickets being sold on the street for $25 apiece. Many of the sponsors had to crowd into the wings and stand in the lobbies. At the first deep notes of his songs, the audience gave up. They surrendered in an

abandon that made them a part of the performance. They refused to go home until, encore after encore, far into the morning, listerners and singer alike were limp with exhaustion and joy.

The music critics and the newspapers applauded with equal abandon.

A. S. in the World wrote: "All those who listened last night to the first concert in this country made entirely of Negro music may have been present at a turning point, one of those thin points of time in which a star is born and not yet visible--the first appearance of this folk wealth to be made without deference or apology. Paul Robeson's voice is hard to describe--a voice in which deep bells ring."

Others wrote, "Sung by one man, the spirituals voice the sorrows and hopes of a people. . . . A glorious rich and mellow voice, a dramatic restraint and power that seems to hold untold power behind each song."

An enterprising concert manager promptly signed Robeson and his accompanist, Larry Brown, for a concert tour.

One of the triumphant careers of modern times was launched.

In the autumn of 1925, Robeson took his next step up in fame by a London performance of The Emperor Jones. Jimmy Light and Harold McGhee of the Provincetown Players went along with him to direct the play and manage the staging. All three took their wives, so there was plenty of the comradeship and co-operation of the Greenwich Village days. The play was an artistic success, with passionate praise from the highest critics, though it was too stark and novel to have a long run.

Life in London was a joy after the restraints that beset any Negro in America--even so popular and easygoing a hero as Robeson. He was so happy in Europe that, after the London tour closed, he and his wife took a house for the winter in

southern France. Paul lolled in another of his long, lazy vacations, doing nothing but loaf and sing and swim and talk with an interesting new group of friends.

Returned to America, he picked up his concert tours where he had left them. And audiences all over the country melted before his great beautiful voice with the helpless abandon of his first-night friends. He soon found, however, that he would have to get some training if his voice was not to crack or fray out. Up to that time, this man who had already sung America into a frenzy had never had a minute's professional guidance.

When a master of voice was found, Paul Robeson said to him, "I don't want you to try to make me into a professional singer. Just show me how to use my voice without ruining it. I'll do the singing." In all these years he has never wavered from that stand.

"Some of my friends," he says, "scold me for not singing Italian opera and proving that a Negro can handle the most difficult classical music. I laugh at them," he chuckles, with that deep rumble that still crinkles your spine. "I tell them I don't want to prove anything. Roland Hayes has proved that a Negro can sing beautifully the finest classics--if it needed proving--and so have Marian Anderson and Dorothy Maynor and dozens of others. I don't want to prove anything. I just want to sing."

Sang he has to his heart's content and to the deep joy of all America and all Europe. And his acting has continued an equal joy to audiences and to him. One of his greatest charms is that it is so clear that he is not a professional. He is the old rollicking great African god, giving pleasure because he is having pleasure, moving the audiences because he himself is deeply moved by the strengths and sorrows of the songs he sings and the characters he acts.

In motion pictures he is in great demand. But he has been unhappy because

of the stereotype which refuses to cast a Negro in any serious role. His experiences in Hollywood are artistic triumphs and social insults. He declares that he will not again appear in a moving picture until Negroes are given serious, self-respecting roles.

From 1928 to 1939 the Robesons lived chiefly in Europe. Paul says now that this European life was partly a protest: not so much an escape from the discriminations of life in America--for he has suffered very few of these--as a rebellion against America's attitude on race.

His life in Europe was rich and full, as living always is for him wherever he is. He acted and sang before glad audiences in all the chief cities and towns of England and the Continent. He made in London one of the best known of his moving pictures, Sanders of the River. His Negro friends have criticized this picture as showing a black colonial, happily serving the great white master. But Robeson did some beautiful singing and acting in it and, through its cast of native African boys and girls, he got his first knowledge of African cultures and languages which have been among his deep interests ever since. During his decade abroad, he visited Africa, made two trips to Spain, and in 1935 made the first of his many visits to Soviet Russia.

He has always had a gift for languages, and this lets him come into contact with common people wherever he goes. He learned Russian way back in 1925, long before he ever thought of going there, just because he was fascinated by Chaliapin's singing and Moussorgsky's songs. He learned Chinese even earlier. "I just wanted to read Chinese poetry," he says, "and it wasn't too hard to learn the Chinese characters, though I can't be sure of the tones, that make up so much of the poetic effect, and of the speech, too." He knows several African dialects and is struck by the similar singsong of African and Chinese speech. "My secret

ambition," he admits, "has always been to be a professor of languages in some college." He doesn't strike one as just the academic type. But he never misses a chance to sing at any college, white or colored, and to sit around afterwards hours on end, talking and playing and singing with groups of students. And he has used his languages and his fine brain in learning all over the world how common people act and think and feel.

The life in Soviet Russia made a great impression on him. He says:

> There I found the real solution of the minority and racial problems, a very simple solution--complet equality for all men of all races. I was struck by the quick success of all groups in taking part in modern civilization, once they were given a chance. Eskimos and people from Turkistan, who had always been called primitive and backward, took their place as citizen-workers. In a few years they became efficient in every phase of modern life, even in building and handling machinery. I saw with my own eyes, that people are not "backward" because of blood or color, but because they are kept back. And I saw what great strength is added to the whole nation when all the people are given a chance to do their part.

Robeson saw the rise of Fascism in Europe. He had planned to continue his life abroad but, as the struggle between Fascism and democracy grew more and more acute, he felt that his place was in his own country. He says:

> I saw the connection between the problems of all oppressed peoples and the necessity of the artist to participate fully. I worked as much as I could in relief work for the refugees from Germany, Austria, etc., for the Chinese people, the Ethiopian people, and later went to Spain--that important focal point in the fight against Fascism.
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> During that struggle I realized the need of returning to America to become a part of the progressive forces of my own land. I felt deep obligations to the Negro people who still suffer acutely, and I recognized that their future was bound with the future of the great masses of the American people and the Chinese-American people. I realized that if America held to its democratic traditions and resolutely fought Fascism, elected leaders who recognized the needs of the common struggle and the indivisibility of freedom for all men, the problems of the colored people would be well on their way to solution.

With this new gospel and with the war threatening all democracy, he came back to America in 1939 determined to give his time and talents to fighting Fascism at home as well as abroad. Since then he has been speaking and singing at meetings throughout the country, stressing freedom and democracy in all his talks.

His singing now includes not only Negro folk songs but Jewish chants, Russian work songs, Chinese ballads, and martial epics of the common man everywhere on the march to victory. He sings the Russian songs with an effect equaled only by Chaliapin. The Jewish wails carry the same poignant sorrow as the Negro spirituals. The Chinese lilts transfer the grace of an artistic people to the whole world.

"Through my singing and acting and speaking," he says, "I want to make freedom ring. Maybe I can touch people's hearts better than I can their minds, with the common struggle of the common man. Maybe this sounds pompous," he chuckles in apology. But then his face is solemn and his voice rumbles across the floor as he says, "Most of all I want to help my homeland realize that it will grow only as it lets all its people do their full part in making it rich and strong."

CHAMPION OF THE WORLD[1]/

Joe Louis is more than a champion; he is a symbol. Four million colored boys have felt a fresh hope since this brown hero fought his way to unrivaled eminence. Thirteen million Negroes in America and millions of colored people throughout the world have felt a new pride since Louis has stood so long on the dizzy pinnacle of pugilistic fame without scandal, without even any act of bad taste. Many claim that Joe Louis is the greatest factor in America for Negro honor and interracial good will.

Joe's parents were Alabama sharecroppers, his father half white and his mother part Indian. His mother's story of Joe's childhood was tersely given to Earl Brown for the magazine Life: "Dat boy was born in 1914. We was livin' in Alabama then. He weighed about 11 pounds when he was born and 'cept for an earache when he was a kid, he never been sick a day in his life. He's always been healthy and strong, 'cause I fed him plenty collard green, fat back, and corn pone. He didn't talk till he was six. He always liked to sleep too much. It was worth my life to get him outa dat bed."

Joe's father walked out of the family's cotton patch on Buckalew Mountain when Joe was only three years old. Some years later his mother married another tenant farmer, Pat Brooks, and moved with him and her whole family to Detroit. Of the first years in the North Mrs. Brooks reports: "We was always hungry. Joe didn't even have shoes to put on when he went to school."

His mother had little to give her children in money or educated guidance. But she had a strong sense of right and wrong, and a firm hand. Among Negroes the mother has often been the one force that has held the family together. In slave days she was the only parent recognized by law, the only person to whom

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1/ Edwin R. Embree, 13 Against The Odds, pp. 231-241, The Viking Press, New York, 1944.

the children could cling. Even to this day a mother is often found to be the rallying point of Negro families.*

In the best tradition of her race, Joe's mother says, "I wanted all my children to be decent." And some way--in spite of the poverty of southern tenancy and the chaos of city slums--she raised her brood of seven children with a feeling for right and a sense of honor. The first thing she did when Joe began to make money was to repay $269 to the Welfare Department of Detroit, even though the relief had been given without any strings five years before.

Joe grew up with a tough gang in the Detroit slums. His name, Joseph Louis Barrow, was quickly shortened in street parlance to Joe Louis--and it has been that to the world ever since. These denizens of the Detroit jungles got into lots of trouble, stealing their way into movies, slipping fruit from passing trucks, throwing mud at the cops, and fighting among themselves. But Joe never moved over from deviltry into crime.

None of the gang was keen about school, and Joe never got beyond the fourth grade. Unable to absorb book learning, he went for a time to trade school. But

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*A tribute to the power of the Negro mother comes in the famous worksong "Water Boy." In the voice of a black convict on the chain gang, the song starts:

Water Boy,
Where are you hidin'
If you don't come,

Listeners wait for some dire threat of violence from this tough criminal, only to hear:

If you don't come
I'm gwind tell-a your Mammy.

A striking salute from the depths of folk wisdom to the place of the Negro mother in discipline as well as in love and security.

[illegible] would claim. [illegible] by a member in whose favor there is no [illegible] point of view [illegible].

In the last [illegible] of the [illegible]. Until [illegible] when, I wanted all my [illegible] it a [illegible]." [illegible] [illegible] split of the [illegible] of wanting [illegible] and the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a feeling for which the [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

that didn't seem to take either. He worked on an ice wagon, sold papers, rustled a buck where he could. He was one of thousands of colored kids who roamed the streets of the northern industrial cities during the twenties, dog poor, happy-go-lucky, but some way through it all "keeping decent."

In the street fights and in the boxing matches that were the chief sport of the gang, Joe showed that pound for pound he was the best fighter in the lot. One day he filled in as a sparring partner for a friend who was something of an amateur boxer. Joe took a terrible lathering. But somewhere during the ordeal he landed a right: his opponent hit the floor and stayed there. Joe was more interested in the beating he had taken than in the knockout, and set himself to learning how to defend himself. In 1931 he began to take regular lessons at the Brewster Street Boxing Center.

Opportunity was being offered to young boxers to show their stuff and to fight their way up through the Golden Gloves, a newspaper-sponsored boxing tournament. In this national competition Joe came up slowly and painfully. In one bout he was floored nine times. But he kept at it. In 1932 he won the amateur light-heavyweight championship in the Detroit Golden Gloves and was on his way.

At this crucial period John Roxborough walked into Joe's life, and two years later Julian Black--men who have stayed with him ever since as manager, guides, and friends. A great old Negro welterweight, Jack Blackburn, came in as trainer and, until he died in 1942, he also stuck as close and protectingly as a father. The influence of these men on the hero has been great and good. Boxing had fallen into bad odor in the early thirties. Champions were scarce and far from glamorous. Faking and cheating were everywhere, with gunmen more and more in evidence at the ringside. Every fight had a "business angle," may were "fixed." Swindlers, fakers, and racketeers were all over the place. For Negro fighters it was still worse. One manager, on being faced with Joe Louis, cried, "Take him

away. A colored boxer who can fight and won't lay down can't get any fights; and if he lays down he's a stumble bum." And the memory of Jack Johnson's scandals was still a national stench. Against this background his managers set out--just as his mother had--"to keep Joe decent" and to make his fights spectacular but clean.

They were a strange trio to become coaches of a Galahad, promoters of racial uplift and good will. Both Roxborough and Black had reputations that tied them to the policy racket and the shadier sides of Detroit life. Blackburn had the odor common to the prize ring. Maybe their very knowledge of evil warned them of the dangers a champion must avoid, especially a Negro champion. Anyway, as managers they have a record of absolutely honest and honorable dealings and of keeping their champion fit and clean.

After two years of hard work and skilful training, when Louis was ready to try the Golden Gloves contest in Chicago, he met one of those instances of race prejudice that make success for any Negro many times as hard as for a white man. A plot was hatched to squelch the threat of a colored champion. Just before the bell for Joe's bout, a crew of detectives rushed into his dressing room and carried him off to the Eleventh Street Police Station to grill him on a charge of murdering his wife in Gary, Indiana, in 1929. Louis, who would have been fourteen at the time of the alleged wife killing, had no trouble proving his innocence--but by that time the bout was over.

Joe and his managers followed their course of not squawking over failures, whatever the cause, and of stolidly plodding on. And before the year was half over Joe Louis made his debut as a professional heavyweight boxer, symbolically on July 4--Independence Day. Of this first professional bout (in 1934 against Jack Kracken, the Chicago heavyweight), Paul Gallico, the sports writer, reports:

> Blackburn said to his new pupil, "Jes hit him in de body with bof han' an' when he drop his guard crack him on de chin." The bell rang. Joe pitched for the body. Kracken dropped his guard. Whang! went a left hook. ". . . nine, ten, and out! said the referee. The most amazing career in the history of the prize ring was begun.

Fight by fight, for thirty-six bouts, Joe Louis fought his way up until on June 22, 1937, he knocked out James J. Braddock and became the second Negro ever to hold the title of champion of the world. He has held that title from that day to this with a record that exceeds any boxer in all history. He has knocked out five world's champions. He has defended his title twenty-one times, more than the preceding eight champions together. All told he has won fifty-seven professional fights, forty-eight of them by knockouts: four of these knockouts in the first round, one in the record time of two minutes and four seconds.

During all of his professional career he has been knocked out but once--by Max Schmeling in 1936. That defeat was the turning point in Louis' career. Too much victory had tended to make him cocky and lazy. Defeat was just the thing he needed, at just the time he needed it. Pounded and knocked down by Schmeling time after time, he struggled back to his feet, fighting it out until he was knocked cold.

Beaten, he did not whine, nor accuse his rival of foul play, nor offer an alibi. He took his medicine. All his life he has had to learn his lessons by hard knocks. But he learns them. As Jack Blackburn used to say: "Dat boy nebber made de same mistake twice." He went stolidly to work to get into condition again, to correct his faults, to be ready from then on to beat every man he met.

His return match with Schmeling became his private crusade. By 1938, when they met again, Schmeling had become an out-and-out Nazi. So Joe Louis was fighting a scornful member of the "master race" as well as the only man who had ever humbled him in the ring. Louis is so stolid in his face and manners that

few people knew how hotly the crusade boiled within him. But they knew it when the bell rang and Joe came out of his corner.

In this defeat and this triumph Joe Louis grew up. Even his manners changed. Where he had seemed taciturn and sullen, he was now pleasant and friendly. The defeat knocked out his cockiness and carelessness. The victory released something that had been pent up in him, made him more human and at ease with himself and his fellows.

Among signs of his new poise and confidence was his courtesy to his opponents. He had always fought fair. This fairness now became magnanimous, tops in good sportsmanship.

He even gave a good word to his hated rival: "Dat Schmeling," he said, "you got to give him credit. He stuck to the rules all the time."

In setting himself a sterner regime, he said to a friend; "If I ever do anything to disgrace my race, I hope to die."

In his fight with Billy Conn he won the hearts of the world by a spontaneous gallant act. He had been outpointed for ten rounds, and it began to look as if Conn would win. In the eleventh, Conn lost his balance, dropped his guard. Louis stood over him, his right hand cocked. His championship was at stake. It would have been a punch no one could have criticized had he let go. But Joe stepped back--to the applause of 60,000 fans. Conn regained his balance, the two men touched gloves, and the fight went on. Two rounds later Louis knocked Conn out with a terrific clean blow to the chin.

His fame has never touched his modesty and simplicity. Once as he passed through Cleveland he was dragged off to see and be seen by the Negro students of a technical high school. Glowing with admiration of the machines and handicrafts the boys had made, this man who had conquered the world with his fists exclaimed

in all sincerity: "I always wished I could do something with my hands. Never could."

Even with the mellowed personality that emerged from the Schmeling duel, Joe Louis is still no social light or plaster saint. He has a strong male's hearty interest in women--and women have run after him, white and black and brown, storming for his favors. Liquor seems never to have been a problem; his strongest drink by choice to this day is Coca Cola. His favorite pastime still is sleeping--twelve hours out of every day, regularly, and fourteen when he is in heavy training. He still prefers loafing and joking and playing cards with his boyhood cronies to mingling in high society.

He is no chatterbox. His talks over the radio at the end of his fights or at such public gatherings as he gets dragged into are far from polished orations. Once when some of his friends tried to groom him for public office and got him onto his feet at a rally, his total contribution to political thinking was, "Ah'm glad to be here." At the next meeting his record was even better. "Hello," he said into the elaborate set of loud speakers, and sat down.

Yet often in his brief responses he has said more than other people do in long orations.

When he decided to fight his last bout and go off to help defend his country, he said, in reply to the protests of his friends; "You ought to do everything you can at a time like this. You can't think of yourself now."

To a group of inquiring reporters, he said: "You got to look at it this way. You do whatever you do for your country. That's natural. Your country is what made everything possible for you. That's how you figure."

When someone pointed out that it was strange that he should want to fight for a country that had treated his people so badly, he said, "Yes, my people's

had a tough time, but Hitler can't fix it."

Joe Louis is a symbol not only to Negroes but to democracy in America. His public is as interesting as the man himself. At first the white populace was indifferent or even hostile to the colored champion. Glee gurgled up in the cocktail rooms and about the village stores when Schmeling put this Negro in his place. On the other hand, the colored people from the beginning hailed the brown bomber as a god. It is said that eight Negroes dropped dead from heart failure as they listened to the radio accounts of the Schmeling knockout, and for days the colored sections North and South were sunk in gloom. When Louis beat Schmeling there was riotous dancing in the streets in Harlem and Chicago, pride and joy in millions of Negro homes, even prayers of thanksgiving in Negro churches.

Gradually his popularity has swept all classes. His simplicity, as well as his masterly fighting, has endeared him to sports writers and sport lovers the country over, and to the American millions.

One of the old taboos in our society was against any Negro, standing face to face against a white man, let alone striking a white man in public. But in Joe Louis' case the nation tolerates it, glories in it. America cheers in fuller and fuller voice as this Negro stands up year after year and knocks the tar out of every white man that comes along. And applause has deepened to admiration as through all the triumph and fame he has so magnificently kept modest and sporting and decent.

Joe Louis has made a lot of money in the course of winning and holding his championship--more than two million dollars--but he has spent a lot, too. It is doubtful if he has now any large pile of cash or securities. He owns two apartment buildings on the Chicago South Side. He has built up a handsome country estate in Michigan, said to have cost in land and buildings $100,000. He has provided generously for his mother and sister. And he is openhanded, to the

despair of his managers, with all his friends, especially any who turn up from Alabama or from his former haunts on the streets of Detroit.

One of Joe's earliest ambitions was to play the trumpet, and he keeps on with his musical efforts in spite of the jeers of his friends. He likes to go to night clubs, not so much for the dancing, which he is too lazy to do much of, but to listen to hot and swing bands and to get a chance to strum the piano or blow a horn in the fellowship of his musical heroes.

The greatest of his interests, outside boxing, is in the estate he has built at Springhill, twenty-two miles outside Detroit, on the site of a former station of the old Underground Railroad for slaves escaping from the South to Canada. On 477 acres of beautiful farm land he has built barns and a handsome house. He takes solid pleasure in his pens of Poland China hogs, in helping with the milking of the cows, and in grooming his two favorite horses, Jocko and Flash, that have already taken prizes at neighboring horse shows. He has talked of making this estate into a colored dude ranch and tourist camp, while continuing to run it as a model dairy farm and breeding stable. But the great interest of his life is boxing.

The final act of Joe Louis' championship brought the final wave of respect and admiration. Defending his title early in 1942, shortly after America's entrance into the war, he gave his whole huge share of the gate receipts to the Naval Relief Society, then knocked his opponent out cold in the first round. And he walked off to join in the defense of his country as a private in the Army.

IS THE ATOM TERROR EXAGGERATED?1/

In the department of physics at the Swedish Nobel Institute on the outskirts of Stockholm works a wizened old lady. Only a few years ago she was just a refugee, one of the countless thousands whom the storms of war washed up on the shores of Sweden. Few knew her outside her own small circle, even fewer cared. Today the whole world has heard about this woman.

Lise Meitner, a sixty-seven-year-old Viennese Jewess by birth, does not care for fame or money. Mention of the $30,000 Nobel prize for physics produces just a faint smile with a suggestion of irony in it. She works for the fun of working. The salary that the Nobel Institute can afford to pay her is probably less than that of the janitor in any American scientific institution. Ever since the news of the Hiroshima bomb staggered the world, she has consistently turned down more offers of astronomic sums of money than even Lindbergh did after his epoch-making flight from New York to Paris in 1927. Her attitude is that money just breeds annoyance. All she wants is to be left alone to work in peace.

To believe Professor Meitner, she was even more astounded than the rest of the world at the news of the atomic bomb. The thought that she should have had anything to do with the birth of this engine is, in fact, revolting to her. She defends herself energetically against any conclusions that she helped develop the atomic bomb.

At the same time she admits to having fully realized the devastating potentialities of her own discoveries in the atom-research field. "But", she adds, "it was, just the same, a terrible surprise, like a bolt of lightning out of the blue, when I learned that the atomic bomb had become a fact."

1/ George Axelsson, The Saturday Evening Post, 218: 34, 47, 50; January 5, 1946.

When you talk with Professor Meitner you are convinced that she is telling the truth. This woman, slightly bent by age and exacting laboratory work, seems incapable of deliberate misstatement. She would prefer not to answer. Professor Meitner exudes goodness. Her large, brown, kind eyes mirror a strong personality and the quiet intelligence that is hers. They lend a rejuvenating charm to her wrinkled face. Her gestures and movements are, indeed, those of a young person.

Professor Meitner brushes aside all reference to her own work as "nothing worth mentioning". She prefers to talk about her family, many of whom are scientists like herself, and particularly about those living in America. One of her sisters, Frieda Frischauer, doctor of philosophy, works actively as a chemist in New York, where she is married to a lawyer. Another sister is married to a scientist there, Prof. Rudolph Allers, of Catholic University, in Washington. One of her nephews participated in the work on the atomic bomb in America. Professor Meitner is very fond of her relatives, and talks much and at length about them.

At the Nobel Institute, where Professor Meitner now works as a collaborator of its chief, the world-renowned Nobel prize winner Manne Siegbahn, she enjoys the protection usually given some major bank executive. Not because of any fears for her physical security, but because she wants to work in peace. When the day's work is over, she disappears to a modest boardinghouse--only her intimates know the address. People find out her address and bother her, and so she moves often. At the Institute, visitors have to pass three obstacles before being admitted to her presence--the gatekeeper, the secretary and the professor herself.

Of those who manage to convince the gatekeeper and the secretary of the urgency of their errand, very few receive the final okay from Professor Meitner. She receives approved callers in her laboratory, a vast room with bare walls at the end of a seemingly interminable corridor, filled with scientific gadgets

that impress the layman as contraptions in the best Rube Goldberg style. In this austere place she works fixed hours every day, and she puts in plenty of overtime to boot.

When in the midst of an absorbing experiment, Professor Meitner forgets the clock. She sends out for a sandwich and some apples, and may then keep on until the small hours. She is a frugal eater with decided vegetarian leanings. She loves coffee, and her hobbies are flowers and long walks--if she has time, she does twenty miles on foot every day. "It keeps me young and alert", she explains.

When talking about her past, Professor Meitner is less reluctant. Her father was a Vienna lawyer. She studied in Vienna, eventually obtaining a doctor-of-physics degree. She then moved to Berlin to become the assistant of Prof. Max Planck. In 1917 she was named head of the physics department of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute, where she worked side by side with Prof. Otto Hahn, at that time head of the chemistry department. Together they made numerous discoveries bearing on the liberation of atomic energy.

But the Nazis had meanwhile come to power and Professor Meitner saw the handwriting on the wall. She wanted to leave Germany in 1933, but her colleagues talked her into staying. It was only in 1938, when the Nazi persecution of Jews was intensified, that she decided that she had had enough. Her fellow scientists at the institute tipped her off that the Nazis intended to refuse exit visas to all scientists, "Aryan" or "non-Aryan".

This is how Professor Meitner descrives her escape: "I decided that it was high time to get out with my secrets. I took a train for Holland on the pretext that I wanted to spend a week's vacation. At the Dutch border, I got the scare of my life when a Nazi military patrol of five men going through the coaches picked up my Austrian passport, which had expired long ago. I got so frightened,

my heart almost stopped beating. I knew that the Nazis had just declared open season on Jews, that the hunt was on. For ten minutes I sat there and waited, ten minutes that seemed like so many hours. Then one of the Nazi officials returned and handed me back the passport without a word. Two minutes later I descended on Dutch territory, where I was met by some of my Holland colleagues. There I obtained my Swedish visa.

"I do not see why everybody is making such a fuss over me," she adds. "I have not designed any atomic bomb. I don't even know what one looks like, nor how it works technically. The great strides of atomic science are the result of the combined efforts of all atom workers. We all strove toward a common goal, pooling our knowledge.

"I must stress that I myself have not in any way worked on the smashing of the atom with the idea of producing death-dealing weapons. You must not blame us scientists for the use to which war technicians have put our discoveries."

"Just what are these discoveries?" I asked.

Professor Meitner smiled as she replied, "I am afraid it would sound like Greek to anybody who isn't an atom worker. To explain it in a way intelligible to the man in the street, I am not capable of doing. The atomic discoveries are so tremendous and so involved that they can be grasped by but a chosen few. In this respect the public today is like the Indians of old, who had to take the word of medicine men.

"On the other hand, I can correct a number of erroneous impressions about atomic power, its action and possibilities. Before it had been put to use many believed that it was only a sort of nerve war, that the atomic bomb itself was only bluff. Those who, like myself, had wrestled with the problem, knew only too well that this was not the case, worse luck.

"Don't believe that our planet is being endangered by the control by man of atomic energy. And that gigantic explosions caused by the liberation of atomic energy would wipe out every vestige of life on the planet. That is exaggeration and nothing else. It is true that the atomic bomb is a terrific weapon. Anyone looking on the pictures of Hiroshima can realize that much. But please understand that an explosion caused by liberating atomic energy produces approximately the same result as an explosion of dynamite or TNT. Scientifically, the same thing happens in both cases. I do not believe, personally, that the danger of accidents is greater in the case of atomic energy than with other explosives.

"I consider as possible or even probable that the Americans have succeeded in isolating not only uranium isotope two-thrre-five but others as well. I am, in fact, convinced that the atomic bomb contains also these other isotopes.

"But it is difficult to discuss experiments made in America. I have, in fact, not read anything in this matter since 1939. I only base my beliefs on private information received during the war from relatives and friends. And it's prudent not to talk about such matters until one has proof thay they check."

"Will atomic energy eventually replace gasoline and coal and other presently existing sources of energy?" I asked Professor Meitner.

"It's tempting to speculate right now about uranium-charged trains and flivvers, and--why not?--about a trip to the moon and back in rockets propelled by atomic energy", she replied. "But let us look soberly at the matter. Gasoline, coal and electricity will never be scrapped for atomic energy. It's too difficult and too expensive to produce. Atomic energy will never be a five-and-ten-cent-store item. Anyway, neither our generation nor the next one will sample the possibilities of atomic energy.

"First of all, science must tame atomic energy down to a slower rate of explosion. Then, and only then, will it be possible to put it to practical use as

an agent of propulsion. That certainly is not an easy thing to do. It will take decades and decades. But don't get the idea that I am trying to belittle the discovery of atom smashing. And we must not be led into drawing too pessimistic conclusions just because the first use to which atomic energy was put happened to be in an engine of destruction. We must look at it as a revolutionizing scientific discovery, but perhaps, even so, only the first step on the road to something greater and still more valuable--mastering the art of using atomic energy for the benefit of humanity.

"I myself began my attempts to smash the uranium atom way back in 1935 by bombarding uranium with neutrons. The uranium atom was split and then I got eckerium, ranking just above uranium in specific atomic weight. The principle followed in smashing the atom is to split its kernel. The energy liberated by this chopping process is enormous in relation to the dimensions of the kernel, but it lacks practical importance.

"To produce energy equivalent to one horsepower, it is necessary to split twenty-five billion uranium kernels per second. But the smashing process liberates neutrons, which, in their turn, may exert pressure on the other uranium kernels and thus split them. This is what you call chain reactions, and it is thanks to these chain reactions that it has become possible to smash a fantastically great number of kernels in a very brief space, thus producing the enormous liberation of energy that has been captured and put into the atomic bomb."

"What is your opinion about the various reports on anti-atomic bomb weapons?" I asked.

"I am very skeptical about those reports", replied Professor Meitner. "My hope is that the atomic bomb will make humanity realize that we must, once and for all, finish with war. The nations and the peoples just have to get together

and make up their minds to like each other, so that new wars and new tragedies may be averted."

"What do you think about the reports that the Russians have progressed as far in their atomic research as yourself and the United States?" I asked.

"Well, private opinion, of course, is that all this is a matter of pure prestige. It is clear that the Russians must assert themselves vis-à-vis their Allies and not admit that they are lagging behind in atomic research. But candidly speaking, I do not think that they have got as far. And yet the Russians are very gifted scientists. The principal thing is that the Nazis did not get hold of the discovery. I don't dare to think of what might have happened, had they been first."

"Are you planning to go to the United States eventually?" was my next question, since this had been reported.

Professor Meitner smiled faintly. "My work is scientific, science is international and its purpose is to serve the development of humanity. I am one of the very small cogs in that vast machinery, so what does it matter where I work? Time will show. Anyway, I intend to stay Austrian. I have no intention of becoming a naturalized Swede or American, for that matter".

"Did you ever come in personal contact with any of the big war criminals now about to be tried at Nuremberg?" I inquired.

"No, happily I did not run across any of them during my stay in Germany, but I saw enough of their rule, particularly of what they did to my fellow Jews, although I must admit that I personally was not bothered in any manner during the time I lived in Nazi Germany. I was considered to valuable to annoy. I suppose they listed me as an 'honorary Aryan.'"

The little lady looked out the window, pointing to the grounds below and to

the ivy-covered walls of the surrounding three-story brick buildings that make up the Nobel Institute city. Her eyes dwelt on the gardens surrounded by apple trees. "Whenever I am tired I look at this," she said. "It restores me. It is a world of my own in which I seek refuge now and then. I hope that nothing will happen to upset this world of mine."

MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK 1/

In China there is an ancient legend about the girl Mulan, who went to war in her father's place. Wearing his helmet and his coat of mail, she fought for twelve years, and she fought so well that the soldiers by her very side never suspected. That is only a legend. During the four thousand years of Chinese history there have been powerful emperors and great philosophers, but women have had little part. The noble women have been like those described by Li Po and the other poets, highborn ladies, who with tears falling down like rain, mourned their husbands long absent at the wars, plied their embroidery needles behind silken screens, and watched the same sad moon that lighted the fighting men of Han. That, indeed, was the part they were expected to play.

A very old poem explains quite clearly the difference there between sons and daughters:

The son.

He then shall have a son
To sleep upon a couch,
To wear a costly dress
And play with toys of jade;
Imperious, too, his cry;
His pinafore of red; The house's lord he'll be.

The daughter.

A daughter too he'll have
To sleep upon the floor,
A napkin for her gown,
A potsherd (i.e. a broken piece of china) for her toy.
No choice is hers to make
Save choose the food and drink
And spare her parents pain.

What the poet said so long ago has been true with scarcely any change for centuries: The woman is inferior to tha man, and she must be obedient in three

1/ Sarah K. Bolton, Lives of Girls Who Became Famous, pp. 153-163; Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York, 1944.

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distinct ways. In childhood obedient to her father or elder brother. In marriage obedient to her husband. In old age obedient to her son.

To us in America this seems almost impossible to understand, but it is almost impossible for us to fully understand the Orient ways at all. We must realize that China is not only a different country, it is almost a different world.

It was once said that the name China does not stand for a country, but a civilization. That civilization is a thing which has grown by itself without paying the slightest attention to the rest of the world. It is true that Christian missionaries visited the country during the seventh century, and Marco Polo reached Peking in medieval times, but this communication with the Occident had little more effect than the visits of so many tourists. Because of the natural barriers the country was virtually cut off from the world. On one side is the Pacific, the greatest of the oceans; on the other the Himalayas, the highest mountains on the face of the earth.

Within that area are crowded 450,000,000 people, more than three times the population of the United States. Very few of them can read or write, and about all they have to go by is their complicated fabric of tradition, which reaches back over the centuries. It is no wonder that they have developed a manner of living, and a mode of thought which is altogether different from our own, and to us it can't but seem strange.

In 1876 the first railway was built between Shanghai and Wu-sung, but it was purchased by the authorities and destroyed. Recently, when an enterprising American set up an outdoor advertising sign, the citizens insisted that he furnish a supply of firecrackers with which to frighten away the devils which it would bring. We think those things are funny, but they simply indicate how an old

country must feel about the new-fangled devices of a modern one.

Besides, now it is different.

In 1912 the Emperor Süang-t'ung abdicated, and the Republic was established under Sun Yat-sen. Since then the changes have been extraordinary. Miles of macadam roads have been built, railroads have been constructed. Today China is struggling to adapt itself to the modern world. It has what it calls its "New Culture," and from out of this new culture have flowered a few amazing personalities--many-sided, modern, and no less glamorous than the girl hero in the medieval legend. No longer must the Chinese women lead their lives according to the patterns of female propriety, which are set down so exactly in the classical "Lessons for Women".

Of these personalities, by far the greatest is Madame Chiang Kai-shek--Mayling Soong. She is wife, secretary and interpreter to China's Generalissimo, who has been for a decade both head of the Central Government and chief of all its military forces. But she is also far more than that. She is an educator, a social worker, chief of the relief and Red Cross services and the working chief (not just the honorary head) of the Chinese Army air force. A woman of incredible energy, she travels largely by plane going constantly from one part of the country to the other. She and General Chiang have been accustomed to toil together in the same room at National Army Headquarters for sixteen or more hours a day. When the Japanese invaded China, she even became news reporter extraordinary to the Western World and, almost up to the moment when they began to storm Nanking and she had to flee, she filed daily news cable from the city, describing the scenes of blood and fire. Her future, like the future of China, is in the hands of fate, but in the later months of the year 1937, at any rate, Madame Chiang Kai-shek was by common consent the most powerful woman in public

life anywhere in the world. Ond day in January, 1938, a New York newspaper said, "The most powerful woman the modern world has known since Queen Victoria, this uncrowned empress of 450,000,000 Chinese is playing a desperate game on which depends the destiny of the world. She is really the Government, although nominally only the wife of the Generalissimo".

Soon Mei-ling--or in the Shanghai rendering which she prefers and the Americanized fashion of surname last, Mayling Soong--was born into an extraordinary family, a family sometimes dubbed the "Soong Dynasty". It is rich, but, first of all, rich in personalities. In the drama of China's political life, in which Mayling Soong was destined to play so spectacular a rôle, her two older sisters have been hardly less influential: In all likelihood these are the most notable three sisters now alive in this third decade of the twentieth century. Her three brothers, also, have taken an active part in Chinese life.

It has been said of the Soong sisters and their brothers that psychologically they are all Americans. Perhaps they could not easily help being so, since they spent much of their childhood in the United States and were educated in American colleges. Their father, Charles Jones Soong, had assumed his Christian name on the occasion of his baptism, which took place in the Fifth Street Methodist Church South, of Wilmington, North Carolina. He was, it is thought, a native of the island of Hainan and came to the United States in 1880, shipping, then or later, perhaps as a cabin boy, on the revenue cutter, Colfax, the captain of which was a man named Charles Jones. Having adopted the Christian faith, with Captain Jones as his sponsor, Charles Soong found benefactors to aid him in acquiring Christian schooling. He first attended Trinity College (now Duke University) and then studied at Vanderbilt University, which conferred upon him a theological certificate. He is said to have followed the American custom of

earning a part of his college expenses in summer vacations, In any case the Soong fortune was still to be made.

On his return to China as missionary and teacher of English, Charles Soong met in Shangai and married a Miss Ni. She was a brilliant and attractive woman, and a devout Christian, fervent in prayer, in whom, throughout her long life, her children and friends recognized something of greatness. Madame Chiang tells how she once asked her mother, who lived to be ninety-two and was then very old, "Why don't you pray that God will annihilate Japan--by an earthquake or something?" The venerable Madame Soong had transcended the human fault of bitterness and rebuked her daughter sharply. Whether or not Madame Chiang can still pray for the Japanese people, as she said she had learned through her mother's saintliness to do, the influence of such a strong personality is not easily forgotten.

Not long after his return to Shanghai, Charles Soong, who had more money making ability than he could be content to bury in a napkin, ventured into business in Shanghai. He printed, published and sold Bibles in the Chines language and became sufficiently prosperous to comply with Madame Soong's wish that their children, girls as well as boys, should be sent to college. As his fortune grew, he contributed to various religious causes and also gave financial support to the revolutionary scheme in the interests of which Sun Yat-sen traveled to and fro for fifteen years, organizing Cantonese, particularly, all over the world, and soliciting funds. Later on, Charles Soong served Dr. Sun as secretary and treasurer and so was destined finally to bring his family into intimate relations with the Chinese revolutionaries.

Meanwhile the family was being educated. Mayling, who was born in 1892 and since childhood had lived in the United States, first entered Wesleyan College, Macon, Georgia, the institution attended by her sisters. In 1914 she registered at Wellesley, and from that college she was graduated three years later. In

dress and speech she was an American girl when she came there, but after her first year she began to wear Chinese costume and give time to study of the Chinese language, thus enhancing her personality, no doubt, and preparing somewhat for the adjustments to be made on her return to China. As a student she did her best work in English, French and music. She wrote verse, studied the piano and the violin and belonged to a sorority composed of girls chiefly interested in the fine arts. She was being fitted, one might suppose, for a life of leisure or purely social career. Yet she herself declared in a statement published during the session of the Nine-Power Treaty Conference in Brussels that she had gone home to her native land "full of American ideals". She had investigated American welfare laws and methods, she said, had seen workers' homes, with children playing in spacious playgrounds, and had visited many health clinics. She added that, when marrying General Chiang Kai-shek, she understood that God had given her a great opportunity to realize her ambitions--which were centered in the colossal task of "transforming medieval China".

China's Revolution of 1911 overthrew the Empire and established the Republic but it did not change the country overnight. Sun Yat-sen, widely revered as the Founder of the Republic, was years later still striving to realize his ideals, a weather-beaten and aging man. He married the exquisite, shy Ching-ling, the second of the Soong sisters, and she threw herself at once into the cause of Nationalist China. In 1924 Dr. Sun founded near Canton a military academy, and placed at its head an abscure general, unknown in China, who had received his military training in Japan. His name was Chiang Kai-shek.

The choice was a good one, for this same obscure general, only two years later, led the Chinese Nationalist Army northward in a triumphant expedition. Of course May-ling Soong was interested in current affairs, for her brother, "T. V.",

a Harvard graduate, was Finance Minister, and had set to work on a drastic reorganization of China's muddled finances. But she may have watched this development with a special interest, for eventually she would be the wife of the expedition's leader.

Chiang Kai-shek was becoming more and more powerful, and as he became more powerful he became more independent. At this time the existing government, the Hankow régime, had a peculiar kind of arrangement with communist Russia. By this arrangement the Hankow government received much advice from Russia, and consulted Russia's advisers on political and military matters but did not commit itself to communism. The plan worked very well; yet it was full of dynamite.

Chiang Kai-shek exploded the dynamite in the spring of 1927. He suddenly decided to set up another government at Nanking and to drive out the Russians, lock, stock, and barrel. The result was that China was immediately split up into a number of bitter factions, which Chiang could not control. In characteristic Chinese fashion he resigned all his offices and departed for Japan. This was a very bad setback in his career.

At that moment of temporary eclipse Mayling joined her lot with his. Her brother was very much opposed to the match, but she had made up her mind. On Chiang's return from a tour of the Island Empire the wedding was celebrated, with the reading of a Christian service at the Soong home, followed by a civil ceremony in the festively decorated ballroom of a Shanghai hotel. The press gave much space to the event and published the photograph of General Chiang and his bride, in wedding costume of Western style, elegant to the last detail of coiffure and bridal bouquet, spats, gloves and boutonnière.

When he came back to China, General Chiang had said to some Shanghai journalists who inquired about his plans, "Marriage is a small matter, while matters concerning Party and Nation are more important." No doubt he was showing both

good taste and political discretion. Also he had told his interviewers that he would not resume the post of Generalissimo. But he was reëlected to do it within a fortnight after his marriage, and he did not decline the honor. "Marriage is a small matter." Yet it may not be idle to see a link between the two events or to ask whether without this marriage, which has been in its public aspects a joint dedication to the cause of China, General Chiang's efforts would have been accorded so much success.

Having no children, Mme. Chiang has been free to devote her tremendous energies to the rôles of political helpmate and spiritual counselor. She attends to innumerable official duties which would otherwise be entrusted to the hands of hired secretaries and the Party henchmen who by nature look upon every public crisis as an opportunity for private gain. She herself cooks her husband's food, because of his delicate health and his justifiable fear of being poisoned. She describes herself as gently reasoning with him when political opposition makes him angry or unwisely stubborn. When he is overwrought and cannot sleep she reads to him, often from the Psalms. At the time of their marriage Chiang did not profess to be a Christian, but afterward he became a church member and a student of the Bible.

Even as Generalissimo, Chiang had many powerful enemies, and transforming China had turned out to be a slow process. When Japan seized control of Manchuria in 1931 and set up the puppet state of Manchoukuo, China, with all her other activities, was hardly in a position to resist Japan, and Japan knew it. The Central Government could not undertake a major war against Japan because all its physical resources were being used against the Chinese communists and in trying to cement the unity of the provinces.

In the next few years Chiang waged five very bloody "extermination campaigns"

against the Chinese communists, who had succeeded in setting up governments, particularly in South China, and in winning over great masses of people through their communist "reforms". Mme. Chiang spent much of the time with her husband whenever he was at the front. Believing that the Chinese Reds were perhaps not really communistic at heart, many people blamed Chiang bitterly for not coming to terms with them and putting up a fight against Japan instead. His ruthless anti-communist campaigns were, they felt, a needless sacrifice of thousands of China's best youths. They wondered whether he were not on the way to becoming a dictator. These ideas were voiced less and less openly as the years passed, but Mayling's own gentle sister Ching-ling, who had returned from Moscow and was living in semi-retirement, sometimes issued statements that bore testimony to her courage and her deep-rooted conviction that she still best represented the ideals of her revered husband, Dr. Sun.

In reply to criticism, the Generalissimo and his wife pushed their own program more vigorously: modern roads, airplanes, rural rehabilitation. But "the most potent new broom was probably the spiritual one," Mme. Chiang says, and by this she means the New Life Movement which she and the Generalissimo launched in 1934 on a nation-wide scale. It combined a revival of Confucian ideals with Christian morals and modern conceptions of social service. Opium addicts were rounded up and "cured" in public hospitals, mass marriages were publicly encouraged to save burdensome family expense, villages were kep clean, laxness in dress was made subject to fine--all this and much more. Madame Chiang flew from place to place addressing scores of meetings; for she believed that, along with the things modern science had to give, China urgently needed "new life" in the individual before its transformation could take place.

Finally Chiang Kai-shek and his generals succeeded in routing the Reds, but the Reds were far from exterminated. In one of the most remarkable retreats of

military history they made their way over mountains and deserts and turned up in Szechwan, several thousand miles away.

Some time before, these communists had issued a declaration of war against Japan, and called upon the Nanking government to join with them. Now it happened that the very person whom the Generalissimo had put in command of the Bandit Suppression Forces (that is, the forces for exterminating the communists) had a special grudge against Japan because they had driven him out of Manchuria. Chang Hsueh-liang was his name, and he was known as the "Young Marshal". Under these circumstances the communists were able to win him to their side, in spite of the fact that he was supposed to be their worst enemy. Before anyone knew what was happening, the Generalissimo had been kidnaped by this fellow, his own subordinate! Desperately Chiang Kai-shek, the most important man in China, had tried to make his getaway. In thin clothes, shivering from the cold, he climbed up over a craggy mountainside, amid the whizzing of bullets. They caught him and threw him into captivity.

The whole world was shocked by such a thing. Madame Chiang Kai-shek, anxiously waiting in Nanking, was beside herself with concern. For days she telegraphed, over and over again, but it was impossible to accomplish anything. She could not tell whether the messages were authentic or not, and there was no way of knowing if the Generalissimo were dead, alive, or whether he had been sentenced to die.

She decided that she must go to Sian and find out, even though it meant stepping right into a trap. She knew that if Chiang were dead, she would be killed too. She knew that in any event she might be held for torture, an art in which the Chinese excel. That was why, as the plane circled over Sian, she handed a revolver to the adviser who accompanied her, saying, "If the soldiers lay hands on me . . . then shoot me". To herself she must have said when the plane gradually

drew up to a stop on the field, "Which is it: Life or death?"

The Young Marshal met her himself. He was courteous, half apologetic. "Madame", he said, "this would not have happened at all, had you been here".

She was taken that day to the General's quarters, where he lay in bed, helpless from a wrenched back suffered during his attempted escape. "Why have you come?" he said as she walked into the room. "You have walked into a lion's den." That is what he said, but he was so touched that later he admitted that he had wanted to cry.

With the arrival of Madame Chiang Kai-shek there began innumerable conferences and sessions. Hour after hour during the day she conferred with the Young Marshal. Then often they would talk the night through themselves. Would they both be released? On what terms would they be released? And always Madame Chiang Kai-shek held up before them her greatest ideal, the good of China.

At last it was concluded that permission to leave would be given Christmas morning. But tiffin time came and still no word. Orderlies were hurrying back and forth through the camp, and it was plain that something was afoot. Finally, late in the afternoon, official permission came for their departure. And even more--the Young Marshal insisted on going to Nanking for trial and proper punishment!

They took off in the Young Marshal's private plane, and as Sian faded behind them, Madame Chiang Kai-shek felt the exultation of having achieved one more step toward the unification of China.

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